

RY.



THE WAR CRY

way to him
fess your sin.
him Who died for thee :
feet draw near
heart sincere,
in He'll set the free.

Wall of the Lost.

the news? (B.J. 12) :
world (B.J. 11).
now in hell are crying,
at " "
flames they're lying,
t "
o'er, the harvest past,
eadful die is cast,
woe is come at last,

ir hands and ten their
filled with dark despair,
endless torments rise,
burn that never dies,
are their eries,

bliss of saints above,
sea of love,
tempest howls,
the thunder rolls,
darkness bind their

to you who yet
the devil's net,
ding on the brink,
at once you sink,
er, stop and think,
lost!

Good Old Sola.

OLD STORY.
erful story I've heard
The sweet story of
wherever I go,
oy is told.
it so strange that so
it were new;
the reason they love
y is true.

rs.
ory is true, etc.

so lovely and pure,
earth to dwell;
ones and make them
power of hell,
ed, and with thorns
extended to view;
pence to my heart

is true.

story I love to re-

will to men,
me that is half so
and again.

TEA?

Other.

He invites you to come—He will feed
you to His Son.
And this message He sendeth to you:
There's a mansion in glory for all who
believe."

That old, old story is true.



The Commissioner

(MISS BOOTH)

WILL CONDUCT A

SOLDIERS' ASSEMBLY

AT

THE TEMPLE
ON

GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON

AND A PUBLIC

ENROLMENT OF SIEGE CONVERTS

AT NIGHT.

COLONEL JACOBS

WILL Conduct

Special Week-End Services

At

Lisgar Street, March 18.
Riverside, " 20.
Temple, April 1.
Major Hargrave will accompany the Colonel
at Lisgar Street and Riverside.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

Accompanied by MAJOR SOUTHALL

will visit and conduct Special

Meetings as follows:

WOODSTOCK, March 17.
BRANTFORD, March 18, 19.
HAMILTON, March 20.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will conduct Special Meetings at

BRANTFORD, March 25, 26, 27.

C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Lewiston,
March 18, 19, 20; Spokane, March 21.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—London, March
18, 19, 20.

ENSIGN PARKER.—Milwaukee, Mar.
18, 19, 20; Peterboro, March 21, 22, 23.

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FORGOTTEN

HERE is something indescribably pathetic about dumb suffering. Pain which can be expressed and explained is half healed. Trouble which can find no outlet in tears or speech has irresistible claim upon the gentle impulse of the sympathetic heart.

Succeeding minutes lost themselves in each other in a thirty of them had passed away still the rider drunk and laughing with the throng within, and his horse stood shivering in the snow without.

There was something more than injustice in such treatment. Could the brown bay have spoken his words might have reversed the incongruity of such unkindness with what had been hitherto shown him. His master was habitually a kind man, his horse was well-fed and well-groomed. Then why this apparently heartless treatment—what reason for the act of which, when the man returned, he would most bitterly reproach himself? No explanation than this—he forgot:

Evil is wrought for want of thought, As well as want of heart.

If we did not believe this the world

would seem a much unkindest place than it really is.

To reckon men as all and only what their words and actions reveal them to be would be to

a large extent to throw a very gloomy

shade over more than half humanity.

In fact, it goes so often the

difference between a man's intent and

a man's deed that only charitable re-

flection forbids the sentencing of even

the professedly humane and benevol-

ent as inconsiderate and unkind.

Too many such lapses from a man's

better nature are not the result of

even wavering good will, but owe their

blighting birth to one of those freaks

of memory which is an open question

to consider whether as unavoidable

or as a mere momentary indisposition.

"I forgot," says the individual, but

frames and feelings infinitely more sensi-

tive than the subject of our picture's

sympathy are occasioned unfold argu-

mentation and affliction thereby.

"I forgot," says the well-meaning

but careless friend, but the heart be-

would not intentionally hurt for all

the world is sorely wounded by the heed-

less word or apparent neglect.

"I forgot," says the conscientious

and honest sinner, but the moment their

consecration was surprised off its

guard, lowered the spiritual ideal of a weak outlook, and the upward effort of the one were discouraged

by the example of the other.

"I forgot," says some whose ambi-

tions for God's Kingdom are high

and deep, but they extended out of

the "little ones" of whom the Bible

says the Lord of that Kingdom sets

such store.

"I forgot," says the man who has

made it his life's business to seek or

save but the soul which one word

might have won was lost, because it

was never said.

"I forgot," says one whose purse and

powers are all at the disposal of God

and His world — he did not know

that the withheld kind

word would have lifted the

burden which, though small, fell

upon an all-overburdened back, and

broke it.

But enough of this weary procession

of lame excuses with their attendant

ghosts of "might have been." Can

we, as soldiers, commissioned to tasks

fraught with stern possibilities of good

or ill, whose echoes will sound in our

ears on the Eternal Morning, give such

as our reason for short comings?

Have we any right to forget our

duty?

My Creed.

While people are talking about being Protestants, Catholics, Salvationists, etc., I would say

I am a Protestant.

In that I protest against all sin in myself, and in others, and do my best to get men and women saved from the guilt and power of sin, and to keep myself unsainted from its guilt and pollution.

I am a Catholic,

in that my religion is a universal one, embracing all mankind—black, white, brown, yellow—a love that goes out for every kind of sinner, no matter how low or degraded, a love that goes out even for our enemies and for all the heathen, infidels, agnostics, etc., and tries to get them to embrace the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in every way to labor for the benefit of mankind.

I am a Salvationist

because I owe all to the S. A. for the blessed atmosphere of salvation now enjoyed. I don't know what world have become of me only for the Salvation Army. I am entire devoted to God's service, for the salvation of the lost, and to bring souls from the power of sin and Satan, to the power of God and righteousness.

May the Lord bless these few imperfect words to some weary, sin-sick soul.—Treas. Caslin.

Tricks of the Devil.

It is well to know the devil's plans in order to shun them. The following are some of the ways in which he diverts workers from pressing the battle of soul winners:

By leading them to criticize fellow workers instead of praying for them.

By putting them up so that they feel that no good can be done unless their methods are employed.

By getting them to drop the great essentials of salvation and substitute some of the spokes of the great Gospel wheel for the hub.

By getting them to substitute something which is good for that which is BETTER.

By prevailing on them to substitute reformation for salvation, or lectures which amuse and instruct for red-hot Gospel truth that convicts and saves.

By hindering them from doing house to house work.

By keeping them so busy in minor matters that they neglect prayer and the fullness of the Holy Ghost, the great mainsprings of successful Christian work.

By keeping them continually thinking with their own experiences instead of letting God fix them up so they can devote their whole time and attention to His work.

Honey Drops.

God cannot save the disobedient.

Wrong motives will defeat earnest seeking.

Obedience will be tested, but its reward will be great.

Humility is glad to take the lowest seat, and feels unworthy to be invited higher.

"Before honor is humility," and "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Men who will stand the test at any cost, is what God wants, uses and honors.

One of the most fragrant flowers which grows in the valley of true religion is humility.

Jesus was so engrossed in preaching to the woman at Sychar's well that He forgot His dinner.

Obedience is not only a test of obtaining salvation, but it is also an imperative condition of keeping saved.

The yielding sinner gets rid of his rags, is clothed, and put in his right mind, and gets a sample of Heaven's wealth.

The man who saves himself, who keeps back part of the price, is not worth his salt in the Kingdom of grace and glory.

To obtain the best results in the service of God we must be blind as bats, and deaf as adders to all selfish consideration.

Soldiers of Christ's army are court-martialed and shot when they break His laws, and the only way back is through the resurrecting power of spiritual restoration.

By revelling the resources of God in their magnitude, and by exemplifying the supreme loveliness of the character of Christ, men are won to grace and salvation.

A Christian may never expect much success until he properly represents his Master. HE IS A GREAT GOD. Possessing measureless, boundless wealth. He owns the cattle on a thousand hills and a universe of whirling worlds.



THE Easter War Cry

will be
a ~~xx~~

SPECIAL

number. Note, we print "Special" in big type, for it will be an ~~x~~

EXTRAORDINARY WAR CRY,

and still cost only

FIVE CENTS.

The most formidable enemies of holiness are within our own ranks; those who profess the grace and contend for the doctrine, are as fierce, edgeless, priceless, toothless, and worthless as those who make no claims concerning holiness.

The world calls those blessed and happy who succeed in making money, or gaining position, or becoming masters along educational lines, but Jesus places the premium only upon spirituality. He says, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

The worker in Christ's vineyard who forgets to look at his which lest he works overtime, who spends his strength unprofitably, and without reserve, who forgets his own sunburn and backache in his luxury for the reaping of the vintage of his Master, is the man who gaudens the heart of Jesus, and brings a smile to the face of the Nazarene.

Every true convert is speedily brought to the question of practical separation and true holiness. Here the natural mind and earthly ties always remonstrate and insist that the separation be delayed at least for a time. Few there are who walk in the light of justification many weeks or months without being brought face to face with the question of holiness, a full, complete separation from the "natural man," the "carnal mind," and all worldly entanglements. With those who say, "I will go," the Holy Ghost will journey all the way.

Remember Lot's Wife.

Lot's wife had many privileges, but she perished. Lot's wife had a religious husband, but she perished. Lot's wife had often been prayed for, but she perished. Lot's wife had a good example set her, but she perished.

Lot's wife was led by nags out of Sodom, but she perished. She lingered when she should have made haste, and God left her. Mercy drew her, but she grieved mercy, and mercy left her. Where mercy left, justice found her, and destruction seized her. She loved Sodom, and would love Sodom, and God gave her her bad love to the full. The Lord took her out of Sodom, but she took Sodom out of Sodom with her. "Let me get a last look at my idol," she said, and she got a last look with a vengeance. "She is joined to her idols," said the jealous God, "let her alone," and she was terribly let alone; she became a pillar of salt. Sodom was more wicked than Gomorrah, and her daughters, her husband, her soul, or God's judgment she was wedded to her evil choice. She died in fellowship with those who "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire."—Selected.

A Hindoo Pentecost.

200 HINDOOS DELIBERATELY RENOUNCE THEIR FAITH AND BECOME SALVATIONISTS.

161 People Desire to Take Christian Names in Place of Their Own.

The Xmas spent in the Nanjindu Division will ever be a memorable time to those who were privileged to be there. At an officers' meeting, held some days previously, the officer stated that he had been visiting and with the Hindu people of his own and neighboring villages, and that quite a large number were anxious to publicly renounce their old faith and become members of the S.A. Would the Major appoint a day? What could possibly be more appropriate than Xmas Day? So it was decided upon. We went to the village in bands from the Headquarters, and on arrival were met by a number of soldiers who were excited at receiving such a number of visitors. They very kindly provided food for all. This over, there was a march, and the people poured in from the surrounding villages. When the meeting commenced, several hundred people were gathered, and all that came. After a number of testimonies and a clear talk on salvation by Staff-Capt. Yesu Patnam, Major Yesu Ratnam explained

"What the Salvation Army Soldier Must Be."

All who had come there with the avowed object of seeking the salvation of God were then asked to rise. The soldiers remained seated while the litherto Hindu neighbors one by one quietly rose, until about 200 people, including children, were on their feet. They were again urged to be thoroughly sincere in what they did. If they were really anxious to renounce their old sins, give up their evil principles, break their idols and give in drink, they were urged to kneel with him. Major Devaneswar led the petitions, as they brought the Great God and Father of us all to have mercy and forgive all their past sins and help them henceforth to live holy, consistent lives. There was another song of rejoicing, another shout of victory, and we went home to ponder on and praise God for the wonderful sight we had just seen. 161 names were handed in from these new converts, who asked that NEW NAMES might be given to them, so that all their neighbors and friends might know where they had done. We could not do it all that night, so Major Devaneswar promised to come again and bring with him a string of 161 new names, so they all might be suitably entitled. That will be an interesting meeting. Perhaps someone will report it to the Cry. These people have lived side by side with Salvationists for the past six years, so that they knew fully what they were doing, and it might be regarded as a healthy sign of our work in that neighborhood. All we felt that was good to us in the matter of ventilation. It rained nearly all day, and then cleared up, so as to allow us to hold our meeting, which was, of course, in the open-air. As soon as we were again on the road home, the rain so much needed came on again.—India's Cry.

Captain Does Not Faint Easily.

Here's an Army item, just dropped into the slot:—Sunday afternoon the Captain had occasion to refer to the unkind remarks of an attendant at the bazaar, a young chappie who had come to scoff and remained to do it. The Captain mildly reproved the ill-condition and gently requested the offender to absent himself in future. "I wonder at the nice young man," the officer proceeded. "And if you saw how elegantly he dresses and how neatly he parts his hair in the middle, you'd wonder too!" That was more than the youth could stand. He rose and started out of the barracks, exclaiming: "This is none of your — business! I'll be back to wait for you outside, you old stiff!" The Captain only smiled pityingly.

Did the bold, brave man wait for the Captain outside? Oh, I dunno. Don't think he did. Anyway, the Captain's the kind of a man who wouldn't have fallen down in a faint, if he did.—Barrie Gazette.

East Ontario, Quebec and Vermont, in addition to 4 Sergt. Majors, have 20 Publication Sergeants, a good formation of wards and Regulation Books. The Sergt. Majors are:

Conradine Perkins, Barre,
White, Brockville,
Simmonds, Kingston,
Scranton, Montreal.

WRECKED.

It is said that: "The steamer Drummond Castle, bound from South Africa to London, struck on the rock off the island of Ushant and sank in two minutes. Two hundred and fifty-three persons on board, and only two escaped. The passengers were mostly women and children. The little ones were asleep below and the adults were on deck, all watching for the first view of the English shore which was soon to be in sight. Suddenly the ship struck and before the boats could be lowered she sank like lead.

The light house was hidden by fog on that fatal night." Thus in the night of sin multitudes are being wrecked on the rocks of Ignorance or Salvation. Betrayed by the fox of Worldliness and Formality, they sink beneath the waves of a Lost Eternity. Marchers on Life's sea, beware of hidden rocks!

Hindoo Pentecost.

INDOES DELIBERATELY RENOUNCE
THEIR FAITH AND BECOME
SALVATIONISTS.

People Desire to Take Christian
Faith in Place of Their Own.

Xmas spent in the Nanjinadu will ever be a memorable day for those who were privileged to witness it. At a different meeting, held previously, the officer stated that the villagers of Teng reported that he had been visiting and talking with Huihu people of his own and neighboring villages, and that quite a number were anxious to publicly renounce their faith and become members of the S.A. Would the Major appear? What could possibly be more appropriate than Xmas Day? We decided upon. We went to the village in bands from the Hindu and on arrival were met by a host of soldiers who were excited and a number of visitors. They kindly provided food for us; over there was a march, people poured in from the neighboring villages. When the meeting commenced, several hundred people gathered, and still they came, number of testimonies and a sermon salvation by Staff-Capt. Yusu Ratnam.

The Salvation Army Soldier
Must Be."

had come there with the object of seeking the salvation of their neighbors. They remained seated while the Hindu neighbors one by one came forward. About 200 people, children, were on their feet, again unable to be thorough in what they did. If they were anxious to renounce their evil practices, give up their idols and give up drink, urged to kneel with us in Major Devaseer led the petitioners. They besought the Great God of us all to have mercy on all their past sins and henceforth to live bony, simple life. There was another shout of victory, at home to ponder on and for the wonderous sight just seen. 161 names were given from these new converts, but NEW NAMES! Right away, so that all their friends might know what had done. We could not wait, so Major Devaseer came again and bring with him 161 new names, so they were suitably supplied. That interesting meeting. Perchance we will report it to the people have lived side by side for the past month, that they knew fully what was going, and it might be a healthy sign of our work throughout. We all felt that we had in the matter of training nearly all the converts, introduced with an earnest and zealous desire to promote devout worship and Christian purity. But, alas! history has proved that a multiplication of forms tends to work rather towards the decay than the revival of holy living.

It was thus in the early days of the Ismailites. The many laws, the types and observances which God gave to His chosen people through Moses, in order to unite them into a nation of one, lost too quickly their spiritual significance, and became a mere cover for corruption, the simulating sepulture of rotting righteousness. Yet, the very forms of observations and sacrifices prescribed by the Mosaic law became hateful to God; so we find it expressed through His prophets, especially Isaiah:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me saith the Lord: I am full of burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fatted beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs . . . Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moon and Sabbath, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it isiquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moon and appointed feasts my soul hateth. They are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them."

At: "The steamer Drummond from South Africa struck on the rock off the coast and sank in two hundred and fifty-three yards and only two passengers were lost. The little ones below and the adults all watching for the English shore which was in sight. Suddenly and before the boats could be sent like lead, she was hidden by fog and light."

Eighteen men multitudes perished on the rocks of salvation. Betrayed by filthiness and Formality, with the waves of a lost ocean on Life's sons, be-rocks!

THE WAR CRY.

3



DEAD TO THE WORLD.

THE form of worship of the early Christians was, like Christ's life, simplicity itself. Prayers offered from sincere hearts and with consecrated lips, the singing of hymns, the simple breaking of bread, looking after the poor, visiting the sick, comforting the dying—all this was simple and without formality. Sheerly is near kin to simplicity and seldom keeps company with elaborate ceremonies.

With the growth and spreading of Christianity more complicated organization was introduced, and some sort of uniformity of worship became desirable. But the forms and ceremonies once formulated were continually elaborated upon; in addition to the many former Jewish observances, a multitude of new rites were compiled and invented. There may be little doubt but that nearly all the various religious sects introduced with an earnest and zealous desire to promote devout worship and Christian purity. But, alas! history has proved that a multiplication of forms tends to work rather towards the decay than the revival of holy living.

It was thus in the early days of the Ismailites. The many laws, the types and observances which God gave to His chosen people through Moses, in order to unite them into a nation of one, lost too quickly their spiritual significance, and became a mere cover for corruption, the simulating sepulture of rotting righteousness. Yet, the very forms of observations and sacrifices prescribed by the Mosaic law became hateful to God; so we find it expressed through His prophets, especially Isaiah:

WHAT WAS THE REASON OF THE ALMIGHTY'S WEARINESS WITH HIS OWN CODE OF LAWS? It was, because the form, instead of clothing a spirit alive only to God and righteousness, had become a cloak for godlessness and unrighteousness.

And yet it is the most natural thing for humanity to seek to adorn and ornament their form of worship; the afflictions of the heart offered to the Creator seem to create a desire to associate service with beauty and splendor, to capture the eye and ear of the worshiper and draw his attention in a channel of common service.

Our picture shows us the prostrate form of a man, who, tired at heart of the world which has deceived him, betrayed his most sacred trust, and blighted his loftiest hopes, has sought refuge for himself by taking the vow of the order, and so voluntarily to be confined to the recluses of the monastery.

An Impressive Ceremony.

No one who contemplates the above picture can deny that the service of initiation is a most impressive one, as far as human agency can make so. This is the rite by which the man enters with the funeral cloth in which a large cross is worked. The leading bishop performs the funeral rite over the man, who, by taking the vow, is supposed to die to the world, and rise a new man, consecrated only to the service of the order. He has said good-bye to former friends forever, and even to his name, for henceforth he will be only known as Brother Augustus among his new associates.

But is he dead to the world? For the moment there may be uppermost a feeling of quietness and relief, hav-

ing escaped the whirl of life and its disappointments. But are those ambitions for worldly fame, those appetites for worldly diversions and pleasures, those longings for gay society really dead, or are they only sleeping?

Many a one has, in a fit of disgust, brought on by too rapid indulgences and subsequent disappointments (multiplied beyond all proportions), in a sort of remorse more than in genuine repentance, sought peace with all the factors of unrest still in his breast, although sleeping at the time the sleep of exhaustion. Many a one has sought to secure the blessing of a consecrated life without making the entire consecration and desiring himself into a bolter that he has obtained that most precious gift, only to wake up suddenly to find himself still in the grip of those powers from which he sought escape. Confession alone will not do it; going through a form will not do it; however impressive and elaborate such may be; testifying to it will not do it; running away from embarrassing surroundings will not do it; making of solemn vows will not do it!

Dead to the World.

God does not want us to be dead IN the world, but only dead TO IT. Jesus says for His disciples in that they should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept blameless in the world, and overcome the world. Here is the secret! Consecration, a complete consecration, must precede entire sanctification; faith must bring sanctification from the sky into our lives; but only actual fighting of the opposing forces and successful overcoming will make sanctification a blessed reality. Before the fruits of holiness can be enjoyed there must be a plowing by faith into the consecrated ground of our hearts the seed of

purity, and the heat of the battle is needed to bring forth the blade and the stem and the flower until, watered by the blessings of God, we enjoy all its fruits: joy, peace, etc.

Remember that our past sins, failures, mistakes, wrongs and excuses are living things that surround us and feed upon our spiritual strength. We can no more escape them than we can outrun our own shadows; they are our children and claim substance until we rise up and slay them. This is the sin of marrying strange wives, when the husband gives up to things opposed to God. The issue of such union will be children who will bind and betray us. We must not only divorce ourselves from evil at the moment of conversion, but we must also stay away from pity every worldly ambition and appetite.

Then we shall enter into rest. Our safe hiding place within us will be guarded by a wall of fire, and we shall live and fight for God in this world, and never be overcome. Then shall we be dead to the world in truth, and no whitely sepulture is needed to cover over the sleeping demon of self, to appear dead and yet be alive to it and suffer the tortures of untold secret struggles.

Only the man who dedicates himself, and all that he has, to the service of the Master, will get all the Master has to give.

Easter War Cry

Enlarged Issue,
Artistic Cover, in colors,
Excellent Illustrations,
Choice Reading.

ONLY FIVE CENTS.



Montana Memos.

Notable Wedding at Livingston—Adjutants McDonald and Gibbs Join Hands—Butte has a New Barracks—Sheridan Gets a New Drum—Montana Beams the Siege.

Brigadier Howell has just returned from a trip through Montana. The most important event of the trip was the marriage of Adjts. McDonald and Gibbs, at Livingston, at which place Adjt. Gibbs had been resting with her old friend, Ensign May. Both the Adjutants are well-known officers, having done long and good service in the Army. Both have been successful and popular in the West as well as elsewhere. The happy event took place in the Methodist Church. Among the visiting friends was Brigadier Siegers, who seemed to take great interest in the ceremony. Ensign May was also present and took a very important part; the bridegroom declared that she looked quite wise. There were also present Capt. Southall and Lieut. Gain. This being the first Army wedding in Livingston, of course it created great interest. A Livingston paper has this to say:

"The Salvation Army wedding at the Methodist Church last evening was well worth watching. Alexander McDonald and Gertrude Gibbs were the high contracting parties and while there was a good deal of shouting and a plethora of bass drum beating, the wedding was a very entertaining affair and was witnessed by a considerable crowd, who seemed to appreciate a number of things besides the solemnity of the occasion. Brigadier Thomas Howell, of Spokane, presided at the wedding and performed the marriage ceremony."

The Brigadier is a Hot Number,

and the contracting parties received some pretty warm joshing from the master of ceremonies, who had known them during their term of service in the Army for the past decade. A number of guests from out of town attended the ceremony and telegrams of congratulation were read from those who did not attend. A wedding supper was served at the barracks after the ceremony had been performed. The pair will make their home in Bozeman and will not be actively engaged in Army work, their health being seriously impaired by their long term of service."

The audience seemed to enjoy the event very much. The contracting parties were recipients of congratulations from all sides. The soldiers and friends provided a wedding supper at the barracks. After the ceremony was over about forty soldiers and friends sat down and partook of the repast. Some after-supper speeches were given by soldiers and officers, and the bride and groom reclined in a very suitable manner, thanking their comrades and friends for their well wishes. This closes another chapter in the lives of Adjts. McDonald and Gibbs.

The P. O. visited Billings, Sheridan, Bozeman, Butte, Dillon, Anaconda and Missoula. The crowds at each place were very satisfactory. The outlook in Montana is most encouraging.

Adjt. Hay has secured a good barracks at Butte, and the work is going ahead. Capt. Bailey and her Lieutenant are doing a good work at Missoula. They have only been there a few weeks, and already have a crowded plateau. Things are brightening up. At Sheridan, during the recent visit, the audience gave donations sufficient to purchase a drum, after ordinary collections had been taken up. Anaconda is on the up grade. So is Bozeman and Dillon. Montana will do well for the Siege, notwithstanding all the storms they have had this winter.—T. H.

NOTICE.

We can supply our soldiers and friends in Toronto with coal and wood of the best quality, at market prices. Phone 701, or call at 201 Victoria St., and leave us your order. Payment will be made given to it. By dealing with us you help to find work for the unemployed.

Any friend or soldier visiting Toronto will do well to try our up-to-date meals, at 10c. Dining hall, 201 Victoria St. W. H. BURROWS, Ensign.

Back to the Land!

A March Trip to the Salvation Army Industrial Farm, York County—Fine Set of Buildings—Prosperous Live Stock, etc.

Take the unskilled unemployed out of the over-crowded labor market of the city, and put him on the land to raise a subsistence from the soil, is the aim of our farm colonies. It is, no doubt, one of our social work in that no other branch, for our final aim in view is always, and in all schemes, the regeneration of the human man by genuine change of heart.

The General's Darkest England Scheme—which aroused world-wide comment some years ago, and which has since been put through all its proposed stages on a more or less large scale in order to prove the theories laid down in it to be correct—advocated the simple rule, that in order to preach the Gospel to the hungry with

operation; one in Colorado and another at Fort Ronde, Cal.

A blue sky, a smiling sun, blossoming trees, sprouting fields and skipping lambs at pasture are always alluring to city people to go into the country, and under such circumstances a trip to the Salvation Army Industrial Farm on Bathurst St., York County, is a pleasure and a recreation, but your modest reporter did not wait for such encouragements. Being under a solemn obligation to go, threatening sky, and bleak March winds could not daunt his courage.

"Meet me at my home at nine in the morning," were the Colonel's orders, who happened to be going out the same day. So punctually at nine, possibly two or three minutes later (for

he quite safely laid the relus upon his neck and fired a gun close to his ears—his nerves must have been of iron. But without further despatch of all the legions of individuals of that noble breed, I would state that we finally, after many and various ways of coaxing and more or less rigorous arguments with the "hoss," reached the farm, where we fortunately found a nice coal stove capable of imparting a genuine glow to our stiffened extremities.

It so happened that it was the Field Commissioner's day of inspection at the farm (Miss Booth always personally inspects the farms each week, when not on tour). For that reason your modest reporter did not stay as long by the inviting stove as he could have been tempted had he been alone with Brigadier Gaskin. Following in the train of the Field Commissioner and Colonel while inspecting the stock, your reporter was quickly convinced that Miss Booth knew a few things about live stock and other farm topics, and once or twice rubbed his eyes to see whether it was not a practical farm mistress, who was lecturing some one. Your reporter, in the interest of the general public, did play the enough of professional farm talk to be able to speak like an old farmer of Berkshire hens, Jersey cows and Jersey pigs, and has also learned the difference between turnips, mangold, swedes, cabbages and other roots. (Correct me, if I'm wrong.)

Leaving the cosy and home-like farm house, where Brother and Sister Mauden are holding forth (both are possibly well-known to a large number of our readers, many of whom will remember "Johnny Mauden, the boy preacher," and his uncle, the former Staff-Captain Mauden, now in Glory), we first visited the cow-stable, which occupies the greater part underneath the enormous barn. There forty head of cattle stood in four long rows and a few stalls. Most of these cattle were cows, two bulls and a few calves and steers. The breeds, I was told by Brigadier Gaskin, were some thorough Jerseys, Holsteins and Durbans, and others of cosmopolitan parentage, the exact classification of which I was unable to retain in my overtaxed cranium; suffice it to state that the Field Commissioner designated them as that sort of a cross breed which is considered in this country the best and most profitable one for farms like ours.

In one unoccupied corner, under an ingeniously temporized wire cage, your reporter noticed some fowl, and upon inquiry was informed that the hen-herds had not been suitably arranged yet for the reception of that fine species of birds. I thought the Belgians called them shorthorns, but my wife assures me that it should be leghorns; whichever is right, I did not see any signs of them.

Passing from the cow-stable through the root-cellars, where mostly turnips were stored in large quantities, we entered the horse-stables. The attendant there assured me that at present fourteen horses are at the farm, and they are all fairly worked; they look well-fed and contented, and I am quite sure that every one of them could have easily outrun the borrowed ones which took us to the institution.

After going through some healthy gymnastics in the endeavor to mount the saddle, I went through the narrow hole which would be easily, successfully, and hermetically sealed by Major Collier in the attempt to pass through, we emerged in the upper part of the barn, which, correctly speaking, is the first story or ground floor to the north, but the second story to the south. In the barn is stored, in spite of the advanced season, still a good quantity of hay, oats, peas, beans, etc., all of which is held for the feeding of the live stock. During the last summer the farm has for the first time raised not only the hay, grain, and other feed needed for the cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and hens, but has been able to sell nearly twenty tons out of the total crop of over 150 tons of hay, and that at the very best market price of \$9.50 per ton, which is from \$1.00 to \$1.50 more than the average paid for hay. The crop of oats amounted to about 3,500 bushels, of which about one-third are still in the bins. In addition to about three hundred tons of roots, considerable quantities of peas, beans, barley and rye were harvested last fall.

In the centre of the barn floor a counter-shaft is fastened on a cross beam, the power for it and the im-



ADJT. AND MRS. MYLES, Newly Appointed Governors of S. A. Farm.

effect, you must first feed him; to the homeless, you must first provide some shelter; to the unemployed, you must give them the means of earning their living. This is the foundation on which all our numerous social institutions throughout the world are reared. Bearing the foregoing statement in mind, the reader will be able to rightly appreciate what we may have to say about the S. A. farm near Toronto.

We may just state here, that the annual unemployment is so great, that temporary jobs for one or only a few days, will find such help in one wood-yard, and the cheap shanties connected with such; the farm is meant to help those who are unable for one or another reason to earn their livelihood in the city, and who possibly may be able to learn sufficient or agricultural pursuits to enable them to find positions with other farmers, or go to the newly settled portions of the territory, where food may be had for the working. It is therefore also the prepared colony was to go in, by providing the means to the settlers of obtaining implements and seed for the first crop. We have none of these colonies in Canada, but in the United States already several of that kind are in

your reporter lives about four miles west of the Colonel, and as the time is always getting slower going west, the difference may be accounted for in that manner) the reporter was at the appointed spot and found the Chief Secretary already waiting with a trap and an animal hitched to it, which the Colonel described to me as a \$100 horse!

"It is not an Army horse," said the Colonel with a sort of apologetic smile. "Somebody wants us to buy it for that price."

"Are you going to buy it?" the reporter asked.

"No fear; we don't buy horses of this kind at that price!"

Before we got to the farm mud back again, the reporter was of the opinion that the Army should get a premium for taking the animal off the owner's hands. It was a big horse; it was past seven years, in fact, I query whether it would remember what happened to it at that age; it would walk most carefully and was not in the least scared of the other cars, on the contrary, it would actually stand and look at one as it passed, so as to give you to understand that you are quite safe with him. You might



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safely laid the reins upon and fired a gun close to his nerves must have been of without further description. Legion of individuals of steed, I would state that, after many and various coaxing and more or less arguments with the "hoss" the farm, where we fortunate a genuine glow to our extremities.

It happened that it was the master's day of inspection at the farm (Miss Booth always inspects the farm once each year, not on tour). For that our modest reporter did not by the inviting stove as have been tempted had he been with Brigadier Gaskin. In the train of the Master and Colonel while inspecting the stock, your reporter was informed that Miss Booth was now thinking about live stock farm topics, and once or twice even went to see whether a practical business, attracting some citizens. To the interest of the general public pick up enough of notes to talk to be able to speak farmer of Berkshire hens, and Jersey pigs, and learned the difference between them, mangal wurzels, ensilage roots. (Correct me, if



BROTHER MADDEN AND WIFE,
Assistant Managers, S. A. Farm.

chinery attached to it being derived from a windmill on top of the barn. A tanning mill, a chopper, and a cutting machine, as well as a grinding stone and other machinery, can be seen almost any day, except when there is absolutely no wind.

A pleasant interruption was made here in our tour of inspection. I forgot whether it was a bell or a whistle—anyway that was only the means to the end—to notify us that dinner was ready. With surprising agility the men and "us" made our way to the various places where dinner was served.

The conversation during the dinner hour was most edifying. Colonel Jacobs, who is an authority on pigs, their qualities and uses, said much that was new and of interest to the reporter, but the latter was so eagerly engaged re-inquiring his digestive organs with nourishments, that much has been lost that might have been inquired down to posterity through the pages of the War Cry. Your reporter has ever retained in his memory those things which the ever-obliging Brigadier Gaskin has refreshed by subsequent conversation.

The weather being dull, the Commissioner, shortly after dinner, insisted that your reporter should make the most of the light to take pictures with the camera, which he had borrowed for the occasion. So, in company with Brigadier Gaskin, the second part of inspection was proceeded with. We passed in front of the Pig Palace, a very majestic building, the blacksmith shop, and took a photo of the blacksmith at the anvil.

Our blacksmith, by the way, is a sort of fixture to be counted in the farm inventory. He shoes horses and does a thousand jobs, which, in a superlative manner, turn up daily for attention.

Arriving at the pigs' habitation we were at once struck with the clean and healthy appearance of the building. There was on one side of the entrance a large steam boiler, for the heating of the feed for the pigs, and another clean and trim room for killing and dressing the remains of the sold animals. Through a door we enter into a long narrow building with low roof; in the center is a concrete wall and on each side are the pens for each family of pigs (pardon my ignorance); I did not know whether herd or stock or something so can the families, which sounds very respectful for clean pigs like the S. A. swine. I found in the piggyry about 140 pigs of all ages and classes; there were some Berkshire and other breeds, but the majority were "Salvation Army breed," as Lieutenant "George" said, and Brigadier Gaskin added, "a scented cross which gives the best results for the feed and care bestowed upon them, and grows the finest meat."

"Any hog-cholera?" your reporter questioned.

"No, sir, we had only two or three pigs that I can remember," replied the Governor. "We raised 450 pigs here last year, and we have been able to sell our pigs from 50 to 75 cents above market price."

Here I remember what the Colonel said, when I asked him about the purpose of raising pigs. "You see," he said, "We walk our crops to market on four legs rather than cart it there in big loads." This meant that he would rather feed the crops raised to pigs and cattle, and sell pork, butter, eggs, and chickens than to sell land and other products of the land direct.

A windmill is centrally located to supply water for the stables, piggery and henry. The latter is situated north of the piggery, and has five runs with about 150 hens. This is only in its infancy, but after a few months the Governor expects to derive considerable financial help from the eggs and spring chickens produced there.

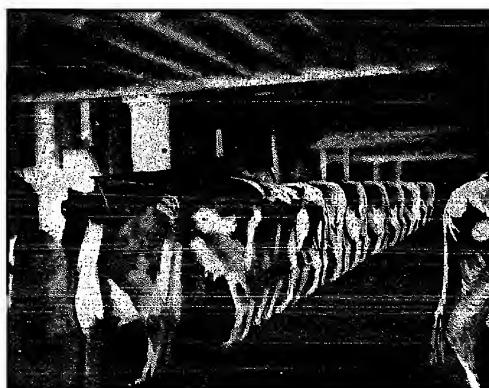
Should I add here that the milk from the cows is used to make butter, and the skim milk given to the pigs. The whole idea of the farm is not so much to make the greatest profit, but to give the greatest amount of employment to men in need of such.



DWELLING HOUSES, S. A. FARM.

WORKING BOYS' HOME.

Brigadiers Compton and Mrs. Read conducted a special meeting in the Working Boys' Home in Spokane. Attended interested persons, given also in the music and singing of other H. Q. Staff Officers present. Staff-Capt. Morris, Ensigns Burrows and Nellie Griffiths, Capt. Easton and Redburn took part.



COW STABLES, S. A. FARM.

PETERBORO SPECIAL.

Social and Prison Work-New League of Mercy.

A three days' campaign was conducted by the Women's Social Secretary. Alderman Sawyers presided Sunday afternoon. Bass played welcome. People intensely interested. Story, "Humanity's Draftwood." Night address to young men. Three souls at the Cross. Monday, Mrs. Read arranged with officials for meetings to be held regularly at jail. At night commissioned League of Mercy. Most active service done in the jail tents. Gentlemen served up \$5 at close for commencement of League work. People stayed until 10:30. Good crowds at the gatherings, considering counter attractions. Prospects for League's success bright. Corps flourishing. All praise to God!

Social Chips

FROM THE G. S. DEPARTMENT.

Adj. Dodd, of Spokane Social Branch, is vigorously pushing the Siege. In addition to other things, he has organized a finance scheme to clear off liabilities and provide capital for further enlargements of the industries for the out-of-works.

He is also attempting to bring the work of the institution before the attention of the people of Spokane, and meetings in the churches, and has already had two very successful meetings. He writes:

"Things are looking up in the West. Our Wood yard is over two months old and is producing a billion feet of wood. WE HAVE HELPED ON AN AVERAGE FROM 95 TO 100 PER WEEK. We expect to be able to help 500 men per week next winter. The citizens are going to help us to get the wood. I have asked them for \$1,200 to buy wood with, and I believe I shall get it."

AAA

A Shelter commander writes:

"I sometimes feel sorry that I cannot report the same spiritual success to the Social Work as in corps; yet, when I think of the people I encounter that the most placed in the battles with every possible kind of the lower regions with which they have to combat, and the despondent spirit that continually haunts them, I cannot wonder at times that they find it next to impossible to get on their feet and trust in God, whom they learned to curse from their childhood. Nevertheless, I am confident that our God can give them new hearts, new desires and new ambitions. The effect of our meetings upon some of the men is very encouraging."

One of our employees has been helped back into the City of Peace since my last letter. He, for some days, could not claim victory, but now he praises God for giving back to his soul the blessing.

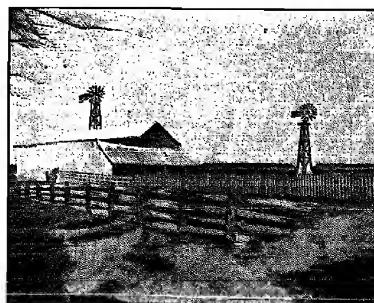
Besides finding odd hours of work for a few men we have succeeded in finding a good home for one of our aged men—a man of good ability and good health, yet having no home. This is especially encouraging, because he has no relatives, but has always lived for God. And so our work rolls on, each week bringing new cases and new experiences. We have a real good time each morning in the prayer meeting."



COLONIST HOUSE, S. A. FARM.



THE BLACKSMITH, S. A. FARM.



VIEW OF STABLES AND PIGGERY.

of the barn floor a fastened on a cross for it and the inn-



Weekly Watchword :

Keep Smiling.

There is many a rest in the road of life.

If we only would stop to take it, And many a tone from the better land, If the querulous heart would make it,

To the sunny soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust never falleth,

The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the wintry storm prevaleth,

Better to hope though the clouds hang low;

And to keep the eye still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,

Where the ominous clouds are rifted; There was never a night without a day,

Or an evening without a morning, And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,

Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life.

Which we pass to an idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jeweled crown,

Or the miser's hoarded treasure; It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to Heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of cold water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filigree, And to do God's will with a steady heart,

And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate minute threads,

Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,

And sit, and groan, and wonder,

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Happy are the Children of God.—They exult in 15.

Those who would live happy lives must live good lives. Heavenly joys can be enjoyed by hearts on earth but only by those who are the children of God. Salvation, which gives a man the entrance into the Kingdom, puts the seal of truth upon him, and the heart which is marvelled and nurtured will flourish into contentment's sweetest foliage, no matter what dull circumstances the soul may surround.

MONDAY.

Happy is the Man Who Heeds as Well as Hears.—John xiii. 17.

The privilege of hearing good is a great one, but it will remain an unappropriated blessing unless the good heard has practical effect upon the life and character. Happy saints are those who not only know much of

the will of God, but who carry out every detail of that will to the letter.

AAA

TUESDAY.

Happy is the Man Who is Consistent.—Romans xvi. 22.

Some people profess to be able to serve God while allowing themselves not a few indulgences; others do away with everything doubtful and selfish. The latter are the happier of the two, though they may least strive to be ill-matched things cause irritation and unrest. True happiness is only possible where profession and practice are in tune.

AAA

WEDNESDAY.

Happy is the Wise Man.—Prov. III. 12.

Ignorance is often a source of weakness and alarm. People who don't know much have much to fear, consequently know little real happiness. Seek to know all that is possible, especially of the mind of God and how to further His purposes in the world. Sanctified understanding may be a very anchor of peace amid life's buffettings.

AAA

THURSDAY.

Happy is the Man Who has Righteous Fear.—Prov. xxviii. 14.

Courage is a great producer of happiness, but most of it is brought by that kind of courage which knows also a holy fear. A fear to do wrong is no bondage. A dread of sin united to a daring devotion to righteousness cannot fail to give a peaceful spirit.

AAA

FRIDAY.

Happy is the Merciful Man.—Prov. xiv. 21.

After all, kind people are much the happiest. The man who snarls and sneers and is always trampling on other people's toes is as much a nuisance to himself as anybody else. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty, and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whiskey and beer.—Talmage.

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSONS.

Our study deals this week not so much with the details of any one subject as with the general outlines of several. It is, in fact, more of a review of the last twelve lessons which we have gone through this year.

They have had to do with the first recorded events in the history of the world. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of a good understanding of the primary part of Scripture. It is a common failing with many people to confine their reading to the New Testament, which, though it is very essential and necessary, being the record of the functioning of the new dispensation, it by no means contains a full account of all God's dealings with man.

Again the study of the creation and the lives of our earliest forefathers is especially instructive, because it delineates the first covenants made between God and man. The histories of Abram and Lot, of Abraham and Isaac, and Joseph reveal the agreement which God made with man—the terms by which He promised that provision and security, without which Divine supplies all life would become wretched and not worth the living.

The peep into the Garden of Eden, which the first chapters of Genesis give, reveals first the great liberty which God permitted man. There were no restrictions, save one, upon the mode of living. In this freedom which God has arranged should be the birth-

SATURDAY.

Happy is the Man Who Endures.—James v. 11.

A great deal of joy is missed by those who hesitate and waver. There is true satisfaction derived from the mere act of holding on, no matter what difficulties assail. And if endurance in the battle of life is necessary to the possession of happiness here, how much more is it possible to the gain of happiness that is eternal!

We don't blow a

great deal

BUT

We promise:

A REAL

GOOD

EASTER

WAR

CRY!

For only 5 cents.

POVERTY.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty, and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whiskey and beer.—Talmage.

UNDER THE GOOD OLD ARMY FLAG.

"Under the good old Army flag,
Under the good old Army flag,
Till I reach my home on high,
Under the good old Army flag."

By ADJT. GIDEON MILLER.

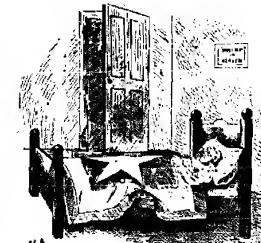
SOME years ago there lived an old lady in one of our Eastern corps who was very fond of this chorus, but she was a very hotheaded woman and forever picking rows, her feet all around her. Things got so bad, in fact, that they had to put her off the platform. She then made up her mind to be a Presbyterian, and joined that church. It was not long, however, till she got into trouble there and had to be put out. She went to the Methodists next, but here, as in other places, failed to live right and was dismissed. Then she came back to the Army. Being unwilling to make a confession of her wrong, they would not allow her to sit on the platform. She went to several other places, but was always turned out. Finally, after several years, I'm told, the old lady had the idea of sleeping under the good old Army Flag. Some time ago death came, and the old lady died as she lived, "under the good old Army Flag."

One day while some special meetings were on at the corps, the bugle was playing from the pole on the barracks roof. The old lady got a ladder, and with the aid of a little boy, succeeded in getting the flag down. After taking it home she sewed a nice border on it and made it into a covering for her bed, and for some years I'm told, the old lady had the idea of sleeping under the good old Army Flag. Some time ago death came, and the old lady died as she lived, "under the good old Army Flag."

The above is one way of living and dying under the Army Flag. But to live under the Army Flag means something more than to have a bit of bunting in Yellow, Red and blue over you; it means that we must be all that those colors represent, and that is a great deal.

The RED is a symbol of the Blood of Christ which was shed for you and me on Calvary's cross. Thank God, there is power in the Blood of Christ to make the foulest clean, to blot out the great black catalogue of sin and set the prisoner free; to raise up those who are bound down and make them sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

BLUE to all the world announces purity from sin; holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. "This is the will of the Lord, even sanctification." That we might be delivered from our enemies (warded forces), and that, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life."



The YELLOW is a symbol of the Holy Ghost. We read in Acts xix., when Paul came to Ephesus and found certain disciples he said unto them, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" And they said, "We have not so much as heard if there be any Holy Ghost." While they had repented of their sin and were justified by faith, yet they had not received the Holy Ghost. When they heard of this they were baptized, and they spoke with tongues and prophesied.

There are many to-day who have believed to the saving of their soul yet they have no power for service.

Have ye received the Holy Ghost?

"I will sit at your feet for the night."

"I will make of you a mighty host."

To put your foes to flight.

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X.—Careless, T.
Ezekiel xxxv.

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Ezekiel xxxv.

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THE GOOD ARMY FLAG

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IDEON MILLER,

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God will not dwell in the temple
with Dagon; by His own laws He
cannot. We do not always find our
idols shattered at the threshold on
some awful morning, as did the simple
Asyod people; but if we do not ourselves
put down our gods before Him
in the heart-temples, sooner or later
His glorious presence will be withdrawn.

HINDRANCES TO HOLINESS.

XI.—Cares, Through Outward Cares I Co.
Ezekiel xxxvi. 23; I. Thessalonians
III. 13.

That soul-lunger for something better than ceremonial cleanliness, which drove the pupil of Gamaliel irresistibly to Jesus, gnaws now at the heart of many a girl, in her restless following of the world; of many a young man already half sick of ambition, of pleasure, or even of avarice, but fruitless.

The cry of a heart which lathes sin, and yet is in bondage to it, is as pitiful now as it was eighteen hundred years ago.

Those whom Christ's Blood has cleansed from all unrighteousness leave no "margin" for sin in their lives, and that by "without sin" they mean doing, saying, thinking, feeling nothing that is contrary to the Spirit of God's word, in the Bible, or spoken to their consciences.

X.—Co. Friends that Would Keep Me from Him.

Luke xiv. 20.

"Would God ever have put into our lives love which He called us on finally not merely to consecrate, but to crush, to thwart, to set aside for ever?" We answer, No! For no love which God-centred is God-given. What God permits is a very different matter from what God does.

No human influence can be purer, sweetest, or more uplifting than the ties of family or home. But Jesus of Nazareth renounced them distinctly and for ever when He reached the second stage of His life-work—"teaching" some of us "an example that we should follow His steps!" What that following means in detail, He reveals to the individual soul, and when it means as well a renunciation of the love which creates family and home, He is still "abundantly able" to satisfy.

K.—With Thee, My God, Is Home.

Ezekiel xxvii. 25; Matthew xix. 20.

God spoke of idols through Ezekiel to His people in all countries and all centuries; He speaks of them now, to any of us who are trying to narrow down the meaning of the word in our little minds, till we make room for self and sin in the very place which He has set apart for Himself alone.

A Christian can only in Greek means, "something that can be seen"; but the imagination, the hope, the indulged wish which comes before God's will in our hearts, is also an idol.

God will not dwell in the temple with Dagon; by His own laws He cannot. We do not always find our idols shattered at the threshold on some awful morning, as did the simple Asyod people; but if we do not ourselves put down our gods before Him in the heart-temples, sooner or later His glorious presence will be withdrawn.

XII.—My Idols now I Cast Aside.

Philippians i. 4; I. John v. 21; Deuteronomy xi. 18, 19.

Poets and prophets have paid tribute to the beauty of an unselfish love, and the Christians have made any purity or more like His own.

Certainly, no love can be pure when the heart from which it springs is unclean before God. And they that are Christ's have purified their affections by crucifixion. (Galatians v. 24).

Does your love for your son demand that the world should think well of him, or that God should? Both cannot be. (John xv. 19). Does the yearning tenderness which your heart feels for your disabled dependents give satisfaction that she should know no bitter sorrow for sin, no agony of humility before God, no hardship of service for Him, but only life's pleasant, easy way? Make clean that love by making it a part of a perfect love toward God; purify it by crucifying self, and your children will become to you only precious gifts for your Lord, offered willingly, like the gold and jewels for the Temple.

XIII.—The Way I Publish All Day Long.

Mark v. 19; Philemon vi.

After Christian has been sanctified by the Spirit, usually the first temptation which comes to him is to conceal the fact. This temptation is so universal, so strong, in its approach, and so fatal when once yielded to, that it is plain that the devil regards it as one of his best weapons against the soul.

One reason why we must testify to the blessing of a clean heart is clear—because the confession gives added glory to the God Who "is mighty to keep." It is no more to the Christian's own credit to say that he is sanctified than that he is justified, while not to say if it is true is a withhold credit from God for one of His most marvellous works.

"I want to live it, and not talk about it," says the poor Christian, harassed by the thought that people will call him conceited, eaten up with spiritual pride, blasphemous, if he admits that God has sanctified him.

Still another reason why holiness should be professed when obtained is that testimony to its possession helps and strengthens others. And many people who had long since regarded the doctrine of sanctification by faith as something purely theoretical, which could never be lived out, until they heard the clear, straight testimony of some Christians who were daily kept by the power of God, and so were forced to believe that God could keep them too.



ENSIGN AND MRS. CUMMING,
Recently Married at Neepawa, Manitoba.

Another overwhelming reason why a Christian must profess the clean heart after God has given it to him is because he will surely lose it if he does not. Proof of this has been given by various saints of God, as far back as the history of the clean heart, outside the Scripture goes. The saintly Fletcher of Maidley lost his sanctification four times simply by not testifying to it when he had it.

The War in Kamloops, B.C.

That is just what the state of affairs here practically amount to—a holy war fought in the name of Jesus Christ. It is being carried on with a fury that lives of men and women in Kamloops. The work is becoming intensely interesting, and grows more so every night.

Local conditions make Kamloops a particularly hard place to work in, but by steady, persevering, dogged stick-at-itiveness Ensign Fitzpatrick and Lieut. Tovey are slowly, but surely, galvanizing ground. Men who, when the Army first came here, professed to hate everything connected with it, are now willing to be called soldiers, by regular attendance at the meetings, or contributions in money, etc., to help on the work. The Army has now got such a foothold in this city that there need be no longer any doubt as to its permanency. It has passed the experimental stage, and is now one of our stable institutions.

The outward result of the Army's work up to date is some two or three backsliders reclaimed, three genuine

conversions, and about half-a-dozen or more almost persuaded. Besides these a whole host of friends and sympathizers have been warmed up and are becoming enthusiastic workers for souls.

Although the Army was not formally opened here until Oct 29th, yet the work really started when Mrs. Bowyer, of Vancouver, came to Kamloops for the benefit of her health, about a year ago. It was then for the first time for many years the Salvation Army band was seen on the streets of our pretty little Western town. Sister Bowyer, however, did not remain long, and so far as we know, she belongs to the honor of winning the first soul in connection with the Army work here. She was a young man addicted to drink, but earnestly desired to be saved, sought out the weaker of the S. A. bonnet, and, to make a long story short, he got saved, and is now a faithful member of the church.

Ensign Fitzpatrick is the right officer in the right place, and is doing faithful work, although her friends would like to see her have things a little easier.

The soldiers' prayer meeting every Tuesday evening is a blessed meeting, and many are receiving additional strength through the medium of these meetings.

The more your correspondent sees the S. A. methods of carrying on the work, the more satisfied is he that they are good for the end in view, and while at first he did not approve of some of the methods employed, still



Newsy Notes from All Over.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

New League of Mercy. The Prince of Wales has created a new order to promote the interest of, and collect money for his hospital scheme in the Old Land. H. R. H. calls his new order "League of Mercy."

News of intensified interest, progress, and continued success of the Women's Social Department from all parts of the Territory by reports and letter. * * *

The Rescue officers report much victory. St. John, N. B., has a family of 35 altogether in its two institutions. * * *

While visiting in Hamilton this week I had the pleasure of spending a few hours at the Rescue Home. Captain Kerr has reached the hearts of the Hamiltonians, and the Home is a credit to her. * * *

"London Rescue work is a marvel," was the verdict pronounced upon the Women's Social Home Forest City by the P. O. of the W. O. P. at T. H. Q. lately. (A triumph of abbreviation). * * *

Adjt. (Mother) Langtry writes of beautiful conversions in Spokane. Similar news reaches us from Helena, Mont. Two souls in one week recently.

In Toronto there never was more interest manifested in any branch of our Women's Social than at present. Major Stewart is devoting much time to the personal visitation of the various institutions in the Queen City. * * *

We had a delightful tea and meeting with Toronto League of Mercy a short time ago. All the members were in the highest spirits over past victories and future prospects. * * *

Five girls got converted on a recent Monday night in the regular League of Mercy meeting in the Mercer. * * *

We have secured entrance to two fine institutions for our League workers in Toronto. The first meeting was conducted in one, the Aged People's Home, a few nights ago by Adjt. Holman, Ensign Moss, and Lieut. Meades.

The latest acquisition to the Toronto League is Mrs. Adjt. Adams and Mrs. Michie. God bless them!

Major Stewart addressed salvation meetings recently while visiting Montreal and Quebec on business. * * *

Adjt. Jost commenced a tour on behalf of St. John, N. B., work a few days ago. Lieuts. Butt, of St. John, N. B., Rescue Home, and Hicks, of the Maternity Hospital, St. John, N. B., are promoted to the rank of Captain.

Adjt. Jost reports good times in St. John, N. B.

Ensign Fitzpatrick writes of the interest taken in the prison meetings in Kamloops. Four men asked for prayers the other day during a meeting by Staff-Capt. Turner. The inmates of the Penitentiary Home for Old People, in Kamloops, much enjoy the services. 28 present.

Secretary Lane is still conducting the full meetings in Barrie, Ont., each Sunday the Army's turn comes round. * * *

Adjt. Tovell writes from St. John, N. B., of special Siege meetings she is arranging during the Siege. * * *

Adjt. Ward has just bought ten pretty new sets for the Toronto Children's Home. * * *

The Rescue Home Officers, at Hallifax, have had a sale of work in the barracks.

More news anon.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good papers for the Home. Recipients of our various Rescues—Homes—The Field Committee will be grateful if friends and sympathizers will send any contributions of this character to the Home.

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 106 Yonge St., Ave. LONDON S. Ont.—Staff Captain Cowan, Riverview St. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Joe Elliot Bowyer, 106 Yonge St., Newmarket.—Adjutant G. H. Hollis, 40 Hollis St. HALIFAX, N. B.—Captain Beckwith, 40 Hollis St. HAMILTON, Ont.—Adjt. Walton, 245 King St. S. SPANISH, Wash.—Adjt. Langtry, 724 Fourth Ave. HELENA, Mont.—Adjt. Walton, 533 Brookline St. WINNIPEG, Man.—Mrs. Major Jewer, 486 Yonge St.

—OR TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT, TORONTO.

GAZETTE.

Promotions:-

Lieutenant Burt, of St. John Rescue Home, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Hicks, of the Maternity Hospital, St. John, to be Captain.
 Cadet Mends, of Toronto Women's Shelter, to be Lieutenant.

Marriage:-

Captain William Huntingdon, of Thosburg, to Captain Annie Graham, of the North-West Province, on Tuesday, March 7th, at Ridgewood, by Staff-Captain Phillips.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
 Field Commissioner.



In Quarantine.

Recent news about the General informs us that he has arrived all well at Albany, but on account of disease existing on board, the ship was quarantined. It was feared first that this would mean a forced abstinence from communication with the shore for some weeks possibly, but a later cable announced that the passengers had been released, and that no account of the General's campaign was necessary, with the exception of cancelling two appointments. To all accounts the General, notwithstanding the heavy strain upon him, continues in satisfactory health. Everybody continue to pray for our beloved General.

The Commander's Illness.

Commander Booth-Tucker has just passed through a severe and serious sickness. It is with much relief that we are able to announce that he is now fairly recovered, although not in a condition for some time yet to be at his office in our splendid New York Headquarters.

The Field Commissioner.

The continued precarious health of our beloved leader is a source of anxiety to those around her, and a constant menace to the Field Commissioner, who has been repeatedly compelled to cancel or postpone appointments on that account, although much against her will. We pray that God, in His mercy, may intervene and restore vigor and strength to one who has so unreservedly served His cause and so bravely and successfully promoted the Kingdom. We are sure that it only requires this notice to sollicit the fervent prayers of thousands of officers, soldiers and friends on the behalf of Miss Booth's health.

Sign of the Time.

The hue of demoralization between church and state has nowhere become so distinct and so wide as in France. In addition to having religion and all religious influences, even to the name of God, effaced from her public school books, and the word God also erased from her coins and government insignia, the following clipping from the Globe will show how other steps have been taken by the Paris courts towards the national decline of religion:

"The excessive cost of marriage in Paris seems to have been offset by the new law establishing free divorce.

The Paris divorce court devotes Thursdays to gratuitous decrees. One day recently 264 couples were divorced during a session of four hours, an average of more than one divorce a minute. The applicants belong to the working class, in which divorces were rare before the passage of the new law."

SIEGE SPECIAL.

Newfoundland Getting Souls Saved

War Cry readers will be pleased to learn that Newfoundland is doing their utmost in the Siege effort. Officers are full of faith and fire for a glorious revival. Reports to hand from ten corps, which give a total of over 200 souls captured for the week. These are the corps :

Carbonear	31
Harbour Grace	14
Dick Roberts	24
Torngat	22
Clarenville	17
St. Johns I.	20
St. Johns II.	18
Dildo	10
Hants Harbor	18
Western Bay	22
Total	205

J. D. SHARP,
 Provincial Officer.



Planning, scheming and arranging for future meetings is the order of the day. A campaign in the Pacific and North-West Provinces, the Commissioner is almost settled. Possibly some of the corps that have been visited by her will be substituted for others who have never had the pleasure of a visit up to the present time. This is only fair. In the meantime watch for future announcements. Pray and believe for Holy Ghost times.

The C. S. paid a visit to Ottawa this week partly on business connected with the property and partly to help in the spiritual fight against the powers of darkness. Adjt. Goodwin and Capt. Connors are making a brave fight, and, in a sense, are different from the class of people who expect only to receive their reward in the next world. They are seeing the fruit of their labors, and in this sense getting a present tense reward. We find good times and some seekers at the pentecostal form.

Adjt. McDonald is in charge of the Rescue Home. I was extremely pleased with what I saw and heard. The Siege is going ahead, and the blessing of God resting upon the place in a wonderful manner.

Have just returned to T. H. Q. Flud Major and Mrs. Collier have arrived, well and strong and hearty. Expect to receive their new appointment from the Commissioner every moment. Let us rejoice for her perfect work.

Capt. Arnold, the Pacific Province Cashier, is appointed to the Accountants and Property Department at Territorial Headquarters. Ensign Cooke, of the North-West Province, goes to the Pacific Province as Cashier.

The Social Department are very busy making changes in the Toronto Shelter—in fact, revolutionizing the whole of the internal arrangements, which, when finished, will mean considerable saving in expense, and at the same time add to the comfort of all concerned.

Any more changes? Yes! This week is my opportunity to announce another very important change. Brigadier Compton, the General Secretary, is farewell. This will take place at the Temple the latter part of April. The Brigadier will be leaving Toronto. God bless and be with him in his next appointment. The new General Secretary will be—announced later.

Arrival in
BY OUR

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER
 AT HAMILTON.

Miss Booth with Her Soldiery of the Ambitious City.

THRILLING SCENES—TWENTY-SEVEN SEEKERS.

HE special soldiers' assembly, which had been promised by the Commissioner on her return from the Newfoundland tour had been looked forward to with great expectancy.

It was a magnificent crowd of soldiers who hailed the Commissioner with a hearty, affectionate volley of welcome as she entered the citadel, accompanied by Brigadier Mrs. Read and Brigadier Gaskin.

"Fight on. Fight on, for Jesus!"

was the opening song, and how those soldiers sang it, beating time with hearty hand-clapping. Staff-Capt. Taylor fervently prayed that the expectations of the audience would be fully realized in showers of blessing being poured out upon the waiting throng. Then softly the song-prayer rose from 180 hearts and lips, voicing strong yearnings.

"I am glad He is passing this way."

Brigadier Mrs. Read prayed that God would vindicate our beloved leader, and that prayer was answered.

The Address Presented.

After Ensign Fletcher had sung "I shall know Him," Sergt.-Major Bailey read the following address of welcome from the Local Officers on behalf of the corps :

Our dear Commissioner,

Your special visit to our city on this occasion to hold a meeting for the spiritual benefit of our soldiers here is an event which we feel we cannot let pass without giving some expression of our hearty appreciation. This meeting is going to give us an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you, a privilege we prize more than words can express. We, the Local Officers of No. 1 and 2 corps, voice the sentiments of this assembly when we say that we are real glad to welcome you to our city and corps, and we pray that God's choicest blessing be upon you while in our midst and return with you to Toronto. When we consider your vast Territory, and the many matters which claim your attention, we value this privilege of having you with us to-night all the more.

We are confident this meeting will live in the lives of all present, inspiring our hearts with a deeper devotion to God and a greater zeal for the advancement of His Kingdom in the Salvation Army. On behalf of the Local Officers, Soldiers and Recruits of Hamilton 1 and 2 Corps,

Signed by
 L. Bailey, Sergt.-Major.
 J. S. Harrison, Treas.
 H. Daniels, Secy.
 No. 1 Corps.
 T. Anderson, Treas.
 J. S. Matthews, Secy.

No. 2 Corps.

Then the Commissioner, in tender, well-chosen words thanked her soldiery for their kind expression of love, loyalty, and determination. A chorus, then the Commissioner opened her Bible and read from Revelation. It would be impossible to describe that address, the tender pathos, the earnest pleading, the sound reasoning, riveted the attention of her audience from

first to last. For 60 minutes the Commissioner, divinely inspired, spoke to the hearts of her people. Only three or four moved when we knelt in prayer. One by one thirty souls made their way to the Mercy Seat. Number 10 is here; we sing "Even me" until 17 are counted washing in the crimson flood. Over and over we sing the chorus, until at the Commissioner's closing prayer

Twenty-Seven Men and Women have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

The final scene was very touching. With closed eyes and clasped hands we stood to our feet as the Commissioner committed each one to the tender care of the Heavenly Father. "That His grace and blessing may be with us, making us more than conquerors, even though we pass through great tribulation."

The Commissioner was very worn and weary, but she fought bravely through all the evident weakness. Her Hamilton soldiers love her well.

The arrangements were admirably carried out. Staff-Capt. Taylor is to be congratulated on the same.—A. G.

Great Britain.

The Chief-of-the-Staff will visit Holland and Sweden during March.

Self-Denial matters are now claiming all the attention of the British Field.

Over 1,000 polexes are added to the Industrial Branch of the Assurance Society each week.

The Commandant's beautiful composition "The Penitent's Plea," has been issued as a popular solo in sheet music. The edition is nearly sold out.

There were twenty-four seekers for holiness at Mrs. Brunswell Booth's last Regent Hall meeting.

United States.

The Commander is much improved in health.

A friend of the Army in Boston has just given his S.D. donation. It was a check for \$1,000.

The Social Institutions in the United States alone shelter 6,000 poor people nightly. 800 are employed daily, and 2,044,000 clean, comfortable lodgings provided per annum.

There are 183 Candidates ordered into training at once.

Joe the Turk's visit to Grand Rapids, Mich., stirred the city. Halls packed and souls in each meeting.

The prospects for reaching the Self-Denial target are brilliant.

Italy.

The campagna at Turin was closed on Sunday night with a row of fourteen souls at the Mercy Seat. This is a very unusual sight in Turin. A number of converts have been regular disturbers of the meetings.

The Carnival Campaign has been a great success in Italy. It has secured fair audiences, kept the soldiers together, and a good number of souls have been saved.

At Florence, good crowds attended the meetings conducted by Brigadier Cibbera; four soldiers were enrolled and a Cadet farewelled for the Training Home.

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An Old Veteran Visits an Old Battlefield.

The Territorial Secretary Given a Hearty Reception at London and St. Thomas—A Big Storm—Mr. Cibon's Remarks—The Juniors' Bouquet—Capture of Souls.

THE announcement of the Territorial Secretary's proposed visit was received with much satisfaction by a number of his old friends in London. Whether the "Prince of the powers of the air" had secured additional advantages, we are not prepared to state, but it would seem as though he had, and had determined to favor us with the full benefit of his celestial power. Saturday morning was hot and cold, and no one would be likely to venture out who did not have some extra good reason. But alas! It was only a kind of introduction to the blizzard-like day of to-morrow. The meeting was good all the same. The Lieutenant-Colonel was in good spirits, and everybody enjoyed a happy sunshiny time.

The holiness meeting was made a means of grace to everyone present. The Lieutenant-Colonel was inspired and the Spirit of God blessed the words of truth and exhortation.

A fair crowd was present in the afternoon. It was a treat to have Mr. Gibson, Postmaster at Ingersoll, with us. His trite remarks and superb illustrations were much enjoyed. The Lieutenant-Colonel also gave a thoroughly practical and interesting address.

A fine crowd was present at the night meeting. The meeting was powerful and interesting. The Lieutenant-Colonel added "a pointed question" which kind of a Judgment Day prelude. Shouts of conviction had found their way to many hearts. Seven souls surrendered to the claims of the Spirit.

The Old Friends' Convention on Tuesday was a very interesting and profitable time to all who attended it. After indulging in a little old-time talk, and reflections, the Lieutenant-Colonel gave a fine spiritual address which was intended to inspire greater earnestness and determination in the great battle we are waging. One young man came forward at the close making ten for the London campaign.

ST. THOMAS—As we stepped off the train martial strains of a well-known tune made our hearts tingle, and seemed to assure us of a good time. The Lieutenant-Colonel was heartily cheered and welcomed. After a march we reached the barracks, and found a nice crowd assembled. The preliminaries over, Capt. Ebsary informed us that the Juniors had something to say. About a dozen large boys and girls sang a welcome song to the Lieutenant-Colonel. After the five little girls sang, two of the smallest presented the Lieutenant-Colonel and the Major with a bouquet each. We give here the song and also the Juniors' welcome address to the Lieutenant-Colonel:

Tune—Only a rosebud.

Weleant, dear Colonel,
To St. Thomas Corps,
We are glad to see you,
At the days of yore,
You have often blessed us.
We're glad to tell you so,
When you come to see us,
As in the long ago.

Chorus.

Welcome, dear Colonel, to our meeting
to-night,
Welcome from every friend we
know;
We have not forgotten all your past
Faithful fight
When you led us on to victory, long
ago.

We are glad to see you
Still a leader true,
Waiting souls for Jesus
Nenth the Yellow, Red and Blue.
We are glad to see you,
In spite of every foe;
Jesus still is with us,
As in the long ago.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Margetts:
Dear Lieutenant-Colonel.—We, as the Juniors of St. Thomas corps, join with the

Seniors in giving you a real Army welcome once again to our city.

There are many things that we can look back upon with pleasure, even if we are only children, and amongst them are your past visits to our city, when in charge of this Province. We are glad to see you again.

Some of us were Juniors then, and we are pleased to tell you that we are Juniors still, and love our leaders and the Army better than ever before.

We are only young yet and have much to learn, but we know the Army is the best training school for body and soul.

Some of us will soon be old enough to become Junior Captains, and through the dim future we can look and see ourselves as Army Officers.

We never forget to pray for our leaders, and Jesus does not forget to bless us.

We know that you will be pleased to hear that God is blessing us in the Siege, and we have gone over some of our targets already, and over twenty souls have sought salvation, and we shall soon see many more.

We trust your visit will prove a great help and blessing to us all and that you can return to see us again.

God bless you and yours.

(Signed) Little Dickson,

Age 13,

For St. Thomas Juniors.

The meeting was full of interest and evidently much enjoyed by all present. The corps has been having quite a revivial of late, and St. Thomas is not going to be belied by any means in the Siege effort.

(To be continued.)

White Wings.

By A. D. COWAN, Staff-Capt.

AMONGST the many discouragements that come in a Rescue Officer's life, there comes nothing more cheering than the letters that are received almost daily, from those who have passed through the "tunnel"—some recently, some long ago.

"They have on their souls pinions like the messages of hope that fall as balm upon the weary spirit of the toller, telling of faith's fruition, that God is faithful, that the seed sown with prayer and weeping is springing in some of the young hearts into Life Eternal. What joy it brings, what fervent thanksgiving that they whom when we first saw them, were sunk in sin and tortured in mind and body, its final consequences."

"Now in reverent awe and wonder, Touch the theme of deepest laud, Precious Blood of Christ that bought us,

And has made us nigh to God; His own Blood, O Love unfathomed! Shed for those who loved Him not, Mighty Fountain always open, Cleansing us from every spot."

THE following extracts are taken from letters recently received:

"Although shut, as it were, as far as fellowship is concerned, in the back of the desert (where God saw fit to put Moses once), it is wonderful how God teaches day by day. Now I have proved Deut. xxxii. 2, even in my ten-

off more than conqueror. I yield up my precious little self to Him. The message of my yielding was to pray for the Lord to take him home to heaven. Manifestly I could not trust Him to provide for him here in this weary old world, but now I can truly say, that I know and am persuaded that He Whom I have believed will keep that which I have committed to His care. My soul, with thou upon God, for my expectation is from Him for He only is my Rock and my fortress."

"I never left anything wholly to the Lord to perform for me and then kept quiet about it. The old adage, viz., that "God helps those who help themselves," is altogether exploded theory with me, for I receive my blessings through waiting. I have my hands full just now. I had a debt that I owed I was tempted not to pay, but Satan told me that hundreds of less deserving cases were treated free, but when I got sanctified the Lord dealt with me, and I had to give up all to Him; I promised to pay and asked Him for an opportunity to do so, and He filled me soul, I simply waited for His creation. So He sent me here, and although the way has not been all roses by any means, as my soul doth magnify God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the helpless estate of His prodigal, and sent me here, where baby is well. By close economy I am paying off some of the debt. I am not very well, but I believe He will heal me for His service. You spoke of God's revelation to your soul of His divine compassion. Oh yes! Surely it is wonderful as I am with Himself, yet so tender and loving, but when the Spirit has cheered my often tired, languorous spirit with was, as it were, glimpses, or even a foretaste of the glorious rest a mainmeth for all who are sheltered by the precious Blood. The consolation came when most needed. I never before my trouble, gave the Father's house much thought, and was always laying up for a splendid earthly one; but surely He knows how to deal with us. I often wish I could come and spend a day with you, but my duties have become legion; they have been increasing every day. I remain with kindest love, as ever, —"

GOD alone, Who knows our hearts, can tell the joy the letters from this dear Israel bring us. One of our Army leaders had met her in the streets and heard her tale of sorrow. She had loved God in a way, but wandered away into sin, was lost forsaken and alone, with a little one to care for. She came to the Home with it, learned to do household work, and although she had held before a higher place in society, with a good salary, for the sake of her child took a place as servant in the country where she could have it with her. The Lord had restored her to Himself, and when visiting for a few days in the Home, got sanctified, and went back as a matter of conscience, and had to give up the money to pay debts she owed before coming to us. Who cannot see in this case the judicious God puts into the hearts of those who are truly followers of Him? We must close this chapter of White Wings, promising that a few more feathers shall fall upon the pages of the Cry before long.

Latest additions to the regular League of Mercy work, Peterborough, Ont., and Fargo, N. D.



THREE OF THE OLDEST MEN IN THE DAWSON SHELTER,
Sent there by the American Relief Committee.

KLONDIKE
A Funeral—How
Soldiers' N.

Dawson

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information
The Captain is a
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She knows
Beyond the
Your soldie
On guard

Latest additions to the regular League of Mercy work, Peterborough, Ont., and Fargo, N. D.



KLONDIKE CHAT.

**A Funeral—How Others See Us—
Soldiers' Message to the
Commissioner.**

Dawson City, Jan. 26th, '90.

JIMMY requested Capt. Jack Crawford kindly handed him his photograph to send to the War Cry. The Captain is a well-known character in the United States. His writings in numerous magazines and the daily press are highly valued. Personally I should say this is because he tells the truth as far as he knows, and his statements can be relied upon; and, secondly, from point of merit they are considered in the front rank. As a poet, in addition, he has remarkable gifts, and his productions on this line are eagerly sought after, read and treasured.



CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

The Captain has also given me the picture of a funeral procession, which took place very recently, being one of the elder mourners, and by his personal request was attended by Adj't. McGill and other officers. You will notice the leading dog running round the cortege, barking the word of command from its late mistress, but death has stilled the voice.

A little poem on the deceased, which the Captain wrote, I also send for reproduction.

**IN MEMORIAM.
Sweet May is Dead!**

By CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

To her beloved father, Capt. James Bennett:

Sweet May is dead, your soldier girl;
your sunny, household pet;
Transplanted from a world of peril,
A rose in Edna set.

She knows no pain, and could you see
Beyond the spangled blue,
Your soldier girl would surely be
On guard to welcome you.

Sweet May is dead to earthly pain,
God willed that you should sever,
But you shall meet and live again,
Forever and forever.

And when the angel sounds tattoo,
Be ready, comrade mine,
To meet your soldier girl in blue,
With hope and faith divine.

The following extract from a letter written by Capt. Jack Crawford, "the poet soul," to a friend in New York, will interest the readers of the War Cry:

"I don't know if I can write anything that will be new or interesting as there are numerous able correspondents here whom I have no doubt are keeping the outside world posted, so far as news from the outside world is concerned. No regular mail has reached here since the freeze up, and only an occasional newspaper is brought in by some hardy adventurer over the ice. Hard times are here and thousands of men are on the provis, while hundreds are actually out of money, provided work. While eating lunch at a restaurant yesterday, an old German came in and offered a 50-cent can of granulated potatoes for 20¢ per pound, which had cost him twice as much. He said that he had nothing else to eat. The restaurateur gave him a 25-pound sack of oatmeal, some bread, and the balance in cash.

20 men are being fed and sheltered by the Salvation Army. These people are doing much good. They have a wood yard, and men who are able to work get \$1 a cord for sawing wood in stove lengths. This pays for his meal and lodgings. Last week a robust young man came to my cabin in the evening, told me he had been sawing wood at the Army Shelter for several days, but on account of the weather he arrived all the saws were at work. He had eaten no food that day. I filled him up, and since then he has been doing chores for his food and shelter, and is now sitting near me putting on his old gloves. Yet this young man is a stately, temperate and willing to work. Speaking of the Salvation Army, our Elks Club recently gave an entertainment, and after all bills were paid off \$300 still remained. I had the pleasure of making a motion that the sum of \$100 be sent to the Salvation Army as a Christmas present, as they were the only truly impartial charitable institution here, and despite opposition from a questionable character or two, the motion prevailed, and on Christmas Day, when the Army were dishing up a fine dinner to the needy, a delegation from the Elks Club visited the Shelter and surprised Ensign McGill and his faithful little band by presenting them with the check as a Christmas gift. Of course the delegation enjoyed a good dinner, after which speeches were in order and everybody was happy. One thing is certain, and that is no hungry man, woman, or child are ever turned away from the Army barracks or shelter. 20 men are now in St. Mary's Hospital whose expenses (\$500 per day) are being paid by the Citizens Relief Committee, of which

Coi. McCook, the American Consul, and Mr. A. Bartlett are members. I mention these facts because there is a desire on the part of certain parties to keep the truth from getting out. Although if mail, that now goes out regularly, gets through, thousands will tell this same story. There are many causes for the distress now prevalent in the district, the principal of which is ten men where one would suffice, so far as work is concerned. When the enormous piles of which people are compelled to pay for provisions, sometimes 300 to 500¢ more than cost, it requires but a short time to eat up what little money the majority possessed after the expense of getting here. Thous-

In Dawson, you wish to sell one year's provisions, you can do so at 25¢ more than you can purchase at retail here and have your year's provisions left at much less than cost. More money has been made by the store-traders and small dealers in provisions, hardware, etc., than has been made in the mines up to date. This country is all right; but at present writing it is more of a rich man's country than a poor man's, because the great majority of claims can only be worked profitably by the expenditure of large capital and the introduction of expensive and practical machinery for dredging and hydraulic work."

DAWSON'S MESSAGE

Dear Commissioner:

When the Adj'tant read your beautiful letter to us in the soldiers' meeting, how glad we were to know that you had our souls' welfare so much at heart that you should write us a letter. And such a letter! Full of love, sympathy and encouragement.

We had been over the month without seeing the sun. One day we climbed up the mountain where the sun was shining and stood surrounded by this glorious light. We turned our face towards the sun and drank in its bright rays. Our hearts were full of joy as the long absent sunshine fell upon us.

That is the way we felt when we received your bright letter; and we will reflect the brightness we receive into this dark place of sin, where the god of mammon has blinded the eyes of men.

There have been times when the fighting was hard, that we felt disengaged. Our leader's words of cheer kept us in the ranks, but now we are inspired to wage a warfare that will be felt all around the world, for the Commissioner is with us in the battle. There are in Dawson thousands of men living in their tents, unable to get pasting on the time in a melancholy way, not knowing what to do. They come here from all parts of the world seeking riches, only to be disappointed.

Many hearts are made tender through sickness and long absence from loved ones, and are easy to attack with words of life and love.

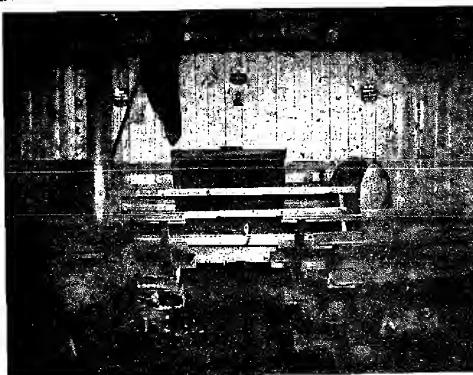
It is truly a blessed privilege to work for the Lord Jesus in such a way, and we rejoice that we have been able under the directions of our beloved leaders to do something. We are glad that we are soldiers of the Cross, fighting for the freedom of the world.

We are determined to stand by our officers, and to stand by the Blood-and-Fire Flag, as we have done, even when it was 50° below zero. We have marched up and down Dawson singing, "Come to Jesus," and rubbed our noses between the vessels to keep from freezing. We are real, dear Commissioners, that we belong to so grand an organization, whose object is the betterment of mankind, pointing them to a higher and nobler life—in Jesus Christ.

We all join in sending you our love, and if the Lord prosper us in our search for gold we will make our love more practical in the shape of mugged loaded cartridges.

(Signed) Addison B. Kesling,
Clara Lund,
A. C. Miner,
R. H. Roberts.

Soldiers, on behalf of the corps.



FIRST MINING MACHINERY TAKEN TO THE KLONDIKE.

ands of tons of provisions will come in next spring and summer through small dealers, and many of the provisions now stored here will spoil, despite the fact that nearly everything except butter, milk and flour have gone down 50 to 100%. Fresh beef has dropped from \$1.50 per lb. to 25¢ and 15¢ per lb., and a whole beef can be purchased at 18¢ per lb., and yet they hold out too long before the reduction. Consequently tons of meat will be dumped in the Yukon by the police as soon as it begins to thaw out. My advice to all men is this: if you have a good position and a good home, stay with it. If you must leave and are willing to risk your life, health and happiness, come with at least two years' supplies and \$500 or more in your inside pocket. If, after you are



FUNERAL OF MRS. MAY EGREN, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. J. BENNETT,
Conveyed to Her Grave by Her Faithful Dog Team, Dawson, Y. T., January 6th, 1890.

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regular
Peterboro,

DAWSON

mittee.

Eastern Province.

Brigadier Pugmire, P.O.

13 Reports. 51 Souls.

God Bless the Shelter!

HALIFAX, I.—We are going forward. Friday night two souls, one of them for pardon. On Sunday morning the brass band and part of the corps headed by Adj't. McGillivray held a meeting in the Food and Shelter Depot. It was really splendid, and was much appreciated. One young man, a drunkard, sought salvation. In this meeting, God met us on Sunday. 1 soul for the blessing of a clean heart, and four for pardon.—Trans. Cashua.

Had the P. O. and D. O.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—The comrades here, as well as the outside people, would have done a good lot to have got the Commissioner for one meeting, but we could only get a glimpse of the car she passed through in, we felt satisfied, knowing of the immense lot of travelling and work before her. Adj't. Brigadier Pugmire and Ensign Graham, D.O., passed out of the car and we had them for two nights. The first night a fair crowd turned out. Next night was a blinding snow storm and people dare not come out of their houses, but a few came along and the Brigadier counseled the Local Officers for the next year. Best of all one dear lad, a backsidder soldier, returned to the fold. Next day we said good-bye to the P. O. and D. O. and will eagerly look for another visit up north.—G. F. Thompson.

A Report from "Paddy."

FAIRVILLE, N. B.—The devil has been defeated and we had the joy of seeing two souls at the Mercy Seat, one of them a poor buckslidder. We give God all the glory. God helping us we are in heart and soul to thrash the old devil!—Paddy.

Three Farewells.

ST. JOHN III.—Twelve souls for three nights. Brigadier Pugmire and the Provincial Staff with us Sunday, also the minstrel. Ten souls. Major Collier, Ensign Perry and P. S. M. Chandler farewelled Sunday night. We shall miss him, he has been a great blessing to us, but his loss will be Windsor's gnu.—Corps Cor. G. L. C.

He Got the Victory.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—Another week of victory. God is wonderfully blessing us. Knee-deep increased four hundred per cent. since Siege began, with one soul saved. Wednesday night special meeting, service of song. We have started special holiness meetings since we got into our new hall. To-night's holiness meeting one young man came out for a deeper work of grace. One of our soldiers came out in holiness meeting on a Sunday recently and told the penitent form God showed him in order to get the blessing he wanted he would have to sell War Crys. He made up his mind to it, and the following Saturday went forth in the street and saloons and sold fifty-one Crys. Hallelujah!—Sergt. Major.

His First Testimony.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—Friends, I am glad I can stand here to-night and tell you I am saved. Since I came to the Cross the world is like a new world to me! This was the first testimony of our first Siege, a converted young man who was very rapidly going down the road to ruin. A few nights ago God's Spirit took hold of him as he sat in our meeting, and he rose from his seat at the back of the hall and came to the Cross. God saved him. We are praying for others.—Funny Clark, Capt.

They rejoiced.

CHATHAM.—God is blessing us here. Last night we rejoiced over seeing one Senior and two Juniors seeking pardon at the Cross.—Fred Knight, Capt.

A Remarkable Pound Meeting.

DARTMOUTH, N. S.—We have just had a "Remarkable meeting." Here is a list of the things received: 2 pairs of blankets, iron pot, tea pot, saucepan, coal scuttle, water pail, 20 lbs. sugar, 13 cakes chocolate, a pair of hoots for the little girl, tea, coffee, rolled oats,

soap, beans, rice, meat, salmon, etc. and while singing from the Cry, Capt. Norman's brother and Mrs. Adj't. Dowell's brother came in with a barrel of flour and put on the platform. They were assisted in the purchase of it by a few Newfoundland friends who were determined to beat St. Johns, and I really believe they did it. The above was the best I ever witnessed. The meeting was splendid, led by Ensign Penny. One soul at the finish. Two last week, Victory!—J. Bowlering, Capt.

Welcome the "Cry."

SYDNEY, C. B.—Dear old Cry, we hail your coming into our midst with joy. We are still on the path. We cannot repeat Victory in singing souls saved, but we are glad to read about them getting saved other places through your pages. We are glad to have our new officers with us. Our numbers are increasing and conviction is prevalent.

Welcome, Captain!

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—A large crowd gathered at the barracks on Monday night to welcome Capt. Breault. A right down, hearty, happy meeting we had. Adj't. Matthews introduced the Captain and bespoke for him hearty welcome. We are far beyond Good News all the week. Two souls since last report. What's the matter with "the powers that be?" No War Crys for two weeks! (Sorry to hear that. Not our fault. Blame the weather.—Ed.)—W. G. G., Reg. Cor.

Had visitors.

SUMMERSIDE—Ensign Larter has been laid up with La grippe. We had Sergt.-Major Renouf, Sergt. Fife and Bro. Chappell up from Charlottetown for Sunday. Bro. Chappell brought his cornet with him but forgot to play it. We have had thirteen converts since January 15th, and we are believing for more.—F. R. A.

A Lecture on Women.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Ensign Miller's lecture, "Woman in her woman's heart, her place in the home," was a pronounced success. It was full of merit, and everybody was delighted. Our corps prospers, and many are being saved. Bros.



ADJUDANT AND MRS. CAVE, NEWFOUNDLAND

A HAPPY EVENT IN ST. JOHNS, Nfld.

Ensigns Cave and Allen Become United.

The Salvation Citadel, Gowen St., was packed with an enthusiastic audience to witness the marriage of Ensigns Allen and Cave. After the contracting parties stood forward (Ensign Tovell supporting the bride, and Capt. Norman the groom) and were pledged 'till the Yellow, Red and Blue. The "I will's" were expressed with a hearty "Amen." Brigadier Sharp pronounced the seal done, after which several intending candidates spoke and each seemed to have something good to say about the happy couple.

Renouf, Fife, and Chappell spent a week-end in Summerside, while Capt. Goodwin, See. Ellis and Sister Jean Calder supplied Hart's Hall Sunday afternoon.—E.

Eight More Come

NORTH HEAD, N. B.—Since last report eight souls sought and found their Saviour. Meetings well attended, and interest good. Capts. Tilley and Wilson are doing their utmost for the salvation of souls.—Amanda Dakin, R. C.

West Ontario.

Major Southall, P.O.

X

3 Reports. 11 Souls.

Sell Out all Crys.

BLENNIEHEIM—Sunday, Capt. Hodder farewelled after seven months' absence. Two souls crowned his labors Sunday night. A War Cry brigade has been formed and we sell out all our Crys.—Ina Groom, Corps Cor.

Eight at the Cross.

ESKIMO—Sunday, good meetings all day. Eight souls for the week. Praise God! We men busness. Going on to victory.—Lieut. Jordison

He Got it.

CLINTON—Good times here, Capt. Heater and Lieut. Fife have taken hold. Sunday afternoon one sinner jumped into the Fountain and got his sins all washed away.—Mrs. Brown, R. C.

Christianity is best understood by those who are most willing to practice it.



ENSIGN CAVE, NEWFOUNDLAND

Newfoundland.

Brigadier Sharp, P.O.

X

7 Reports. 105 Souls.

Down Came the Stovepipes!

LITTLE BAY—God is with us in power. The Siege started on Sunday night with three shiners in the Fountain Stovepipes and lamps coming down the hill, as well as the walls of sin. On Wednesday night a greater victory still. Gambler's cards and tobacco consigned to the flames, and eight souls volunteered to serve God.—F. Howell, Capt.

Fifteen Forward.

GAMBO—Since our last report God has wonderfully helped us. Twelve more precious souls have taken their stand as Blood-and-Fire Soldiers. But best of all, since the Siege began we have had the pleasure of seeing fifteen precious souls find pardon.—Lieut. E. Rose.

Seventeen Came Home.

CLARENCEVILLE, Nfld.—We are still alive and in the midst of our grand Siege. Last week was a week of blessing. Seventeen souls came out and found pardon. The devil is kicking, but God's people shall win.—Monton, Capt.

A Government Grant.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Ensign Kenway has gone away and Ensign Boggs is now in charge. We have had a short visit from the Commissioner, which we enjoyed very much. The Government is paying the Army to supply the poor of Harbor Grace with one hundred gallons of soup per week for thirteen weeks. There have been a few breaks in the enemy's ranks of late, one among the number being a policeman. Our Siege has commenced, and so far we are having the victory.—M. J. W., Reg. Cor.

Twenty-One Souls.

ST. JOHNS II.—Capt. McLean arrived on Friday night. We gave her what we had in a real Newfoundland welcome. She says she feels right at home. The past two weeks have been times of victory. Twenty-one souls have been saved. We are believing for a mighty soul-saving time.—Capt. M. Noel.

"The Fire Burns Brightly There."

RAY ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Buy Roberts on fire! This week has been one of victory. Shiners coming home to God. Saints rejoicing. Devil defeated. Heaven on earth fine. Nine souls for the week. Still rolling on.—A. G. Brown, Capt.

Everything on the Up Grade.

CARBOURNEAR.—Things are some what lively here just now. Soldiers are in good fighting condition. Thirty-one souls have recently sought salvation, and are taking a definite stand for God. Many of them are good cases, and going to become Blood-and-Fire soldiers. One of the converts, two nights after her conversion, sold twenty War Crys and brought three other souls to the Cross. Our victories continue to happen. Greater things promise to happen. We will let you know about them and God shall have the glory.—Capt. Jim Jones, for Adj't. M. Newman.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Lewiston, March 18, 19, 20; Spokane March 21; ENSIGN COLLIER.—St. Thomas, March 25, 26; Dutton, March 27; Highgate, Mar. 28; Ridgeway, Mar. 29, 30.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Truro, Mar. 20; Glace Bay, Mar. 22; Sydney, Mar. 23; Sydney Mines, Mar. 24; North Sydney, Mar. 25, 26; New Glasgow, Mar. 27.

ENSIGN PARKER.—Petobo, Mar. 21, 22, 23.

EAST ONTARIO / PROVINCIAL

87 Hostile

CAPT. CONNORS, O

CAPT. MCNALLY, S

SERGT. DUGLEY, O

CAPT. GREGORY, G

LIEUT. WILLIAMS, S

SERGT. MAJOR PER

CAPT. WILLIAMS, S

LIEUT. SYMONDS, S

CAPT. FRENCH, P

Capt. Norman, Napo

Sergt.-Major Symonds

Capt. Jones, Burlington

Capt. Banks, Quebec

Adj't. Goodwin, Ottawa

Lieut. Butter, Brockville

Capt. R. Gregg, Trenton

Ensign Smith, Bell

Adj't. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke

Sister Rogers, Montreal

Lieut. Hickmann, Pres

Capt. Greene, Tweed

Lieut. Norman, Picton

Adj't. Bradley, Cornwall

Capt. Magee, Kempsey

Capt. Brown, Perth

Capt. Wilson, Newboro

Sergt. Mrs. Dine, King

Lieut. Dawson, Sherbrooke

Capt. Vaunce, Belleville

Ensign Tuck, Montezuma

Adj't. Tuck, Montezuma

Capt. Grose, Brightside

Capt. Reid, Morrisburg

Lieut. Brookets, Renfrew

Lieut. Newell, Morrisburg

Sergt. Thompson, Bonnechere

Sister N. Brown, Morrisburg

Sergt. Richele, Morrisburg

Lieut. Bushell, Coaticook

Capt. McFarlane, Morrisburg

Capt. McIntyre, Morrisburg

Capt. Battell, Arnprior

Lieut. Way, Arnprior

Mrs. Adj't. Blackburn, Morrisburg

Sergt. L. Phelps, Morrisburg

Capt. Bearchild, Morrisburg

Dess. Capt. DeWitt, Morrisburg

Sergt. Abbott, Morrisburg

Sister D. Hill, Morrisburg

Capt. LaLonde, Morrisburg

Sergt. Barber, Morrisburg

Sergt. Mrs. Thompson, Morrisburg

S. M. Hobbs, Morrisburg

Adj't. Marceau, Morrisburg

Sergt. Fuford, Morrisburg

Capt. Fluday, Morrisburg

Capt. Owen, Sunbury

Staff-Capt. Burdett, Morrisburg

Sergt. A. Downey, Morrisburg

Mrs. Ryckman, Morrisburg

Capt. Nyland, Morrisburg

Mrs. Hippner, Morrisburg

Ensign Yerex, Morrisburg

Lieut. Tracy, Morrisburg

Adj't. Dunnigan, Morrisburg

Mrs. Mayhew, Morrisburg

Ensign Hornum, Morrisburg

Lieut. Liddell, Morrisburg

Bro. Hersey, Morrisburg

Lieut. Rundall, Morrisburg

Sister Ross, Morrisburg

EASTERN

82 Hostile

CAPT. RYAN, Y

MAGGIE GRAHAM

CAPT. JACKSON, S

CAPT. GOODWIN, S

SERGT. MINNIE, S

SOR.

CLARA MERCY, S

SERGT.-MAJOR

IX 11.....

EMILY WHITE, S

CAPT. G. THOMAS

CAPT. WEBBER, F

Mrs. Ensign Farren

Lieut. Richards, F

Mrs. Mayhew, C

Adj't. Jones, F

Mrs. Eliza French

Adj't. Gardner, F

Silva Snow, D

P. S. M. Morrison

THE WAR CRY.

18

Newfoundland.



Brigadier
Sharp,
P.O.
7 Reports,
105 Souls.

Down Came the Stoopseipes!

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ENSIGN PARKER.—Peterborough, Mar. 21, 22, 23.

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.
CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa
CAPT. MCNANNY, St. Johnsbury
SERGEANT DUDLEY, Ottawa
CAPT. OREGO, Gananoque
LIEUT. WILLIAMS, Pembroke
SERGEANT-MAJOR PERKINS, Barr
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans
CAPT. GREENE, Peterboro
Capt. Nonnepeau, Napanee
Sergeant Major Symonds, Kingstou
Capt. Jones, Burlington
Capt. Banks, Quebec
Adj't. Goodvill, Ottawa
Lieut. Butcher, Brockville
Capt. R. Craig, Trenton
Ensign Staigers, Belleville
Adj't. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke
Sergeant Rogers, Montreal
Lieut. Hickman, Prescott
Capt. Green, Tupper
Lieut. Norman, Elgin
Capt. George, Cornwall
Capt. Magee, Kemptonville
Capt. Brown, Perth
Capt. Wilson, Newport
Sergeant Mrs. Blue, Klugston
Lieut. Dawson, Newport
Capt. Vance, Belleville
Ensign Slim, Picton
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal
Mrs. Adj't. Bradley, Cornwall
Capt. Grose, Brighton
Capt. Reid, Morrisburg
Lieut. McGehee, Renfrew
Lieut. Nevell, Morrisburg
Sergeant Thompson, Belleville
Sister N. Brown, Montreal
Sergeant Richie, Montreal
Capt. Crosier, Montreal
Lieut. Burtch, Cottecooke
Lieut. McFarlane, Cobourg
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville
Capt. Constock, Renfrew
Capt. McIntyre, Montreal
Capt. Battie, Arnprior
Major Way, Arnprior
Mrs. Adj't. Blackburn, Port Hope
Capt. Phelps, Peterborough
Capt. Beauchamp, Deseronto
Capt. DeVittia, Millbrook
Sergeant Anula Brown, Port Hope
Sister D. Hill, Montreal
Lieut. Luther, Odessa
Bro. Barnes, Montreal
Adj't. Blackburn, Port Hope
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott
Lieut. Hartley, Wellington
Lieut. Hartley, Elgin
Sergeant Chillingworth, Montreal
Capt. Brindley, Campbellford
Sergeant Loyola, Montreal
Lieut. O'Neill, Millbrook
Sister Caldwell, Montreal
Capt. LaLoude, Sherbrooke
Sergeant Barber, Klugston
Sergeant Mrs. Thompson, Klugston
S. M. Robbie Douglas, Cornwall
Bro. Morse, Newport
Sergeant Furful, Aigongulu
Capt. Flinlay, Bloomfield
Capt. Owen, Sault Ste. Marie
Staff-Capt. Burritt, Montreal
Sergeant A. Downey, Kingston
Mrs. Ryckman, Deseronto
Capt. Nyland, Odessa
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal
Ensign Yerec, Montreal
Lieut. Tracey, Perth
Father Duquette, Trenton
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro
Emily Horner, Millbrook
Lieut. Liddle, Gananoque
Sergeant Sturkey, Picton
Bro. Bersey, Barre
Lieut. Randall, Bloomfield
Sister Ross, Montreal

EASTERN PROVINCE.

82 Hustlers.
CAPT. RYAN, Yarmouth
MARGIE GRAHAM, Halifax I.
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I.
CAPT. GOOLWIN, Charlottetown
SERGEANT MINNIE SMITH, Wind.
sor.
CLARA MERCY, St. John III.
SERGEANT MAJ. VENOT, Hallifax II.
EMILY WHITE, Houlton
CAPT. G. THOMPSON, Campbellton
Caled Webber, Fredericton
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney
Lieut. Richard, St. John
Mrs. Mayhew, Charlottetown
Cadet Labans, St. John III
Cadet Urquhart, Springhill
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown
Ensign Lardier, Glace Bay
Secretary Ellis, Charlottetown
Sergeant Armstrong, St. John III
Adj't. Byers, New Glasgow
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Springhill
Cadet Gardner, Fredericton
Eliza Snow, Dartmouth
F. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay

Lieut. Kirk, Woodstock
Lieut. Armstrong, Woodstock
Alma Tryphon, Parryville
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Chatham
Lieut. Dunscomb, New Glasgow
Adj't. Miller, Yarmouth
Cadet True, St. John III
Capt. Horwood, Lunenburg
Capt. Clark, North Sydney
Sergeant Olive, Carterton
Lieut. Cowan, St. John
Lizzell Lebars, Fredericton
Mother Read, St. John III
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Chatham
Lieut. Mowbray, Bridgewater
Capt. Matthews, New Glasgow
Bob McWilliams, Windsor
Francis Melvor, Dartmouth
Sergeant T. Knight, Chatham
Lieut. Lester, Seaford, Chatham
Mrs. Patterson, St. John III
Cadet Smith, Fredericton
Sergeant Beatty, Fredericton
Sergeant Collins, Fredericton
Mrs. Pike, Sydney
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth
Francis McDoyle, Dartmouth
Sergeant Tilley, St. John III
Sergeant White, Halifax II
Albert Dimock, Glace Bay
Minnie Caldwell, Windsor

Sergeant Mrs. Encham, Glace Bay
Capt. Knight, Chatham
Fred Lean, St. John III
Sergeant Major Ash, New Glasgow
Maggie Holden, Windsor
Lieut. Mowbray, Bridgewater
Sergeant Matthews, New Glasgow
Maud Patterson, New Westminster
Ensign Burton, Great Falls
Mrs. Adj't. Hay, Butte
Lieut. G. Tracey, Sheridan
Lieut. Lester, Seaford, Chatham
Mrs. Patterson, St. John III
Cadet Smith, Fredericton
Sergeant Beatty, Fredericton
Sergeant Collins, Fredericton
Mrs. Pike, Sydney
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth
Francis McDoyle, Dartmouth
Sergeant Tilley, St. John III
Sergeant White, Halifax II
Albert Dimock, Glace Bay
Minnie Caldwell, Windsor

MRS. CADET-CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace
Ensign Babington, Vancouver
Lieut. Betts, Kamloops
Capt. Perrehoud, Nanaimo
Lieut. Gain, Bozeman
Capt. Bulley, Missoula
Maud Patterson, New Westminster
Ensign Burton, Great Falls
Mrs. Adj't. Hay, Butte
Lieut. G. Tracey, Sheridan
Lieut. Lester, Seaford, Chatham
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Cadet Smith, Fredericton
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Sergeant Collins, Fredericton
Mrs. Pike, Sydney
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth
Francis McDoyle, Dartmouth
Sergeant Tilley, St. John III
Sergeant White, Halifax II
Albert Dimock, Glace Bay
Minnie Caldwell, Windsor

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

88 Hustlers.
SISTER HARDENBROOK, Spoo-kane
CADET GREAVETT, Butte
CADET LONG, Lewiston
MRS. ADJT. AYRE, Billings
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria
CAPT. MEREDITH, Vancouver

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

25 Hustlers.

LIEUT. ANDERSON, Fargo
Lieut. Bauson, Grafton
Capt. Brundser, Grand Forks
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert
Lieut. Blodgett, Calgary
Lieut. Wick, Moose Jaw
Lieut. Wilcox, Winnipeg
Mrs. Capt. Knudsen, Winnipeg
Sergeant Major Walks, Valley City
Lieut. Clark, Larimore
Cadet McLeod, Lethbridge
Capt. Smith, Minnedosa
Capt. J. Mercer, Hillsboro
Ensign Dunn, Calgary
Sergeant Mary Chapman, Winnipeg
Sergeant McNabb, Portage la Prairie
Sergeant Woodworth, Portage la Prairie
Capt. Pringle, Portage la Prairie
Capt. Barrager, Moose Jaw
Capt. LeDrew, Winnipeg
Sergeant Sarah Chapman, Winnipeg
Sergeant Penfold, Winnipeg
Sergeant Johnson, Winnipeg
Sister McLennan, Portage la Prairie
Lieut. Hinomou, Grand Forks

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

4 Hustlers.

Ensign Cooper, Tilt Cove
Capt. Mulley, Tilt Cove
D. Hickman, Grand Bank
Capt. Monton, Clareville

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; if lost and, as far as possible, assist in finding women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address to the Compiler, Box 100, 100 Yonge Street, Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Compiler if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second insertion.

2335. **NOTICE!** We cannot advertise for anyone in this column unless we have full name and address of inquirer.

3336. **CHRISTIANA BARKER.** Last heard of in Whitchurch, Ont., about 40 years ago. Age about 60. Supposed to have married. Her present name and address wanted by her brother, Wm. Barker, who anxiously inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3338. **HARRY MUNRO.** Age 35, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair, has a scar on one cheek. Was a painter by trade. Last heard of 17 years ago, in St. Thomas, Ont. Mother anxiously inquires.

3339. **MRS. LIZZIE E. REED,** nee HARRIS. Sometimes goes by the name of MISS S. M. BROWN. Age 21, height 5 ft., fair complexion, dark brown hair and dark eyes. Missing since Sept. 10, 1897. Last known address Chicago, Ill. Her little boy, William James Reed, age 2, is with her. Any information address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

Very suitable J. S. Libraries can be made up from the above selection at all prices.

St. John Jottings.

Farewell Meetings of Major and Mrs. Collier
Conducted by Brigadier Pugmire—Dedication of the Major's Baby—Wellcome of Ensign Turpin—Thirteen at the Mercy Seat.

ALTHOUGH it was a pouring wet day on Sunday, yet the barracks at St. John III., was packed to the doors. A mighty revival is going on at this corps, and Capt. McElheney writes that he is hopeful of securing 25 good soldiers out of the numbers that are being saved. The Major is much loved in this corps, and there were expressions of sorrow at his departure. It was too stormy for Mrs. Collier to be present. The Brigadier stood on the bridge and the Major spoke farewell words. We saw eight kneel at the Cross. Hallelujah! Ensign Perry, our devoted G. B. M. Agent, said good-bye to the East.

The Major's final farewell meeting was held at No. 1. The public meeting was preceded by an officers' tea and council. There were nearly 30 present. Several officers, including the P. O. (who preceded, eulogized, the Major with Major and Mrs. Collier had a few farewell words to their beloved comrade-officers.

The public meeting was a grand affair. The first thing on the program was the dedication of the baby of Major and Mrs. Collier, and as "Gladys Evangeline" was presented to the Lord, she lay quite passive in the hands of the P. O.

This over, a few officers spoke about the Coming of the Separation. Sergeant Major Law also had a few words.

The P. O. read a farewell address, after which Major and Mrs. Collier said good-bye.

Ensign Turpin, who comes to assist the P. O. pro tem, received a wholehearted welcome, and also had a few words.

We wound up the meeting with five souls in the Fountain, music, singing and dancing, and the P. O., Chancellor and Ensign Turpin being carried shoulder high.—Soldier Boy.

COLONEL JACOBS

Will Conduct

Special Week-End Services

At

Riverside, * * * * * 26.
Temple, * * * * April 2.

Major Margrave will accompany the Colonel at Lisgar Street and Riverside.

FAREWELL!

BRIGADIER COMPLIN,

The General Secretary,

WILL SAY GOOD-BYE TO CANADA IN THE

Temple, Sunday, April 30th.

BRIGADIER BENNETT,

THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER of the East Ontario Province,

Will Farewell from His Present Command at

MONTREAL, * * Tuesday, April 11th.

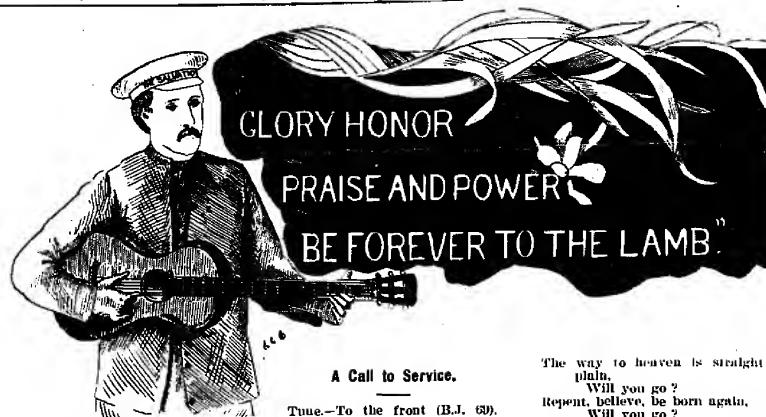
LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGRETT

Will introduce the New Provincial Officer at

Montreal, Thursday, April 13th.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

Will conduct Special Meetings at BRANTFORD, March 25, 26, 27. CAMBRIELFORD, April 1, 2, 3.



A Plea for More Love.

Tune—Meet in bliss (B.J. 70); Saviour, lead me (B.J. 105); or, I'm believing and receiving (B.J. 63).

1 Lord, Thy heavenly wisdom give,
In Thy fulness let me live,
Let my heart now be Thy throne,
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

Chorus.

Now my heart is opened wide to Thee,
Now my heart is opened wide to Thee,
Fill me, Saviour, with Thy love Divine,
Make me more like Thee.

Thousands yearly pass the brink,
Into dark despair they sink;
I will to the rescue go,
I will stand and face the foe.

Never more, dear Lord, I'll take
What I give up for Thy sake,
But I'll suffer, bear the pain,
What I lose shall be Thy gain.

Not My Own.

2 Not my own, but saved by Jesus,
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ, my Lord.

Chorus.

Not my own, oh, no!
Not my own, oh, no;
Jesus, I belong to Thee;
All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine through all eternity.

Not my own, to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him I committed,
While eternal ages roll.

Not my own, my time, my talents,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

A Jolly Time Coming!

Tune—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).

3 There's a happy, happy land,
Where the saints of God will stand,
And join the Blood-washed band,
Over Jordan.

The devil won't be there;
We'll be free from every care;
Tw'll be grand, I do declare!
Over Jordan.

Chorus.

Over Jordan, over Jordan,
Oh, we'll shine, and shout, and sing,
In the presence of the King.
Over Jordan, over Jordan,
We'll have a jolly time,
Over Jordan.

Some think that they are good
Without washing in the Blood,
And they think they'll dwell with God.

Over Jordan,
But that's a great mistake,
And they'll find it out too late,
They'll be shut outside the gate,
Over Jordan.

Now, there's the Pharisees,
They're numerous as bees,
And them you'll never please,
This side Jordan.

They're full of self-conceit;
We're the chaff and they're the wheat,
But they never get a cent
Over Jordan.

A Call to Service.

Tune—To the front (B.J. 60).

4 To the front, the cry is ringing,
To the front, your place is there,
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope and faith and prayer.
Selfish ends shall claim no right,
From the battle's post to take us,
Foe shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
God looks down and glory crowns
Our conning band.

Victory for me,
Through the Blood of Christ, my Saviour!
Victory for me.

Through the precious Blood:

To the front, the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way.

Every post and thought is ringing,

Men of Dir^{ty} hands be our stain,

We have heard the cry for help,

From the dying millions round us,

We've received the royal command,

From our dying Lord Who found us.

To the front, no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front, the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation,
Wait for thee in love to bring
Holy peace and liberation.

Hope for Ever Gone!

Tune—Glory to His name!

5 Down in the flames of eternal woe,
Where all who die without Christ
must go;

Lost ones in darkness for ever know

Days of grace are gone!

Chorus.

Days of grace are gone;
Days of vengeance come;
This is the cry of the lost in hell,
Days of grace are gone.

Lost now are they to the joys of earth,
Pleasures of sin and the secesses of
mirth;

Poured o'er their souls is God's great
wrath,

And storms of living fire.

Hell now above and hell beneath,
Weeping and wailing and gnashing of
teeth,

Never, oh! never one moment's relief
In that dark abode.

Backslidden sinners, would you escape
Being plunged into the burning lake?
Enter at once, then, Mercy's gate,
And get forgiveness now.

Come, Poor Sinner, Come!

Tunes—We're travelling home (B.J. 7);
Better world (B.J. 11); or, What's the news? (B.J. 12).

6 We're travelling on to heaven above,
Will you go?

To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?

Millions have reached that blissful
shore.

Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions
more.

Will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see."

Will you go?

(b), could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go."
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go.

My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.

Let me go."

Our Weekly Solo.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

7 When times of temptation bring
Sorrows and gloom,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
The last of earth's treasures borne out

to the tomb,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
This earth has no sorrow for to-day or

to-morrow,

But Jesus hath known it and felt long
ago;

And when it comes over me and I'm

tempted so sorely,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

Chorus.

I will tell it to Jesus,
To Jesus my Lord,

I will tell it to Jesus,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

When out on the hill-top, away from
all sin,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;

When joyous and happy, the sunshine
within,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

To know I'm forgiven is a foretaste of

heaven,

And Jesus is dearer to me than before,

Such peacefulness fills me, - such an

ecstasy thrills me,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

When darkness is dimming my path

to the skies,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;

When helpers shall fail me and com-

forts shall fly,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

Though blurred life's pages by sin

and its wages,

He's yesterday, now, and for ever the

same;

I'll not be forsaken, though my life

should be taken,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

Sin is self-will that does not will what
God wills.

A RUN

Already extra orders for
the Special . . .

EASTER WAR CRY

are pouring in, and it is doubtful whether
all orders can be supplied if they continue
to pour in at the present rate.

Order at once or you will be left out!

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